THE INVINCIBLE JEW

HARFORD POWEL, JR.

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"He was a mighty battler for truth . . . He molded the thought and belief of all Christendom."
—The Jewish Encyclopaedia

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To

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND

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PREFACE

WILL you stretch your imagination a moment? You and I are in the Morgan Library in New York. The charming Miss Belle da Costa Greene shows us a rare and unknown book—a fifteenth-century translation of a manuscript by one Loukan, an ancient Greek.

We look with polite interest. We are not amateurs of ancient literature. Suddenly our polite interest changes into fascination. This is a Book! The old Greek author writes like Lytton Strachey—the same wit and insight, the same gift of characterization by a single word, the same laconic charm. He leaves out the usual boring chapter about the boyhood of his hero, and the not less depressing pages about his old age. He uses adjectives and adverbs so sparingly that when one occurs it has the explosive force of a bomb. Only the heart of the story is there; the physical and spiritual adventures of an extraordinary man.

Mr. Strachey performed a miracle, several years ago. He took the woman who is most dead, of all the women in history, and said to her: "Victoria, arise." He became, by that act, the father of modern biography. But Loukan, the Greek doctor of Nero's day, is a modern

biographer, too. And he has a more interesting character to write about than ever Mr. Strachey had. He has Shaûl, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, who set out successfully to turn the world upside down.

We finish the book. Then Miss Greene gives us a number of papyrus sheets. "These," she says, "are Shaûl's own letters to friends in the Near East, and Rome."

I think we would have an interesting afternoon.

Now I am not suggesting that the Morgan Library, or any other library, actually has these original letters. But we can read them, if we will, in the New Testament; and Loukan's story, too. Both Shaûl and Loukan would be astonished to find that scholars and printers, several centuries ago, have chopped their work into short "verses," each marked with a numeral. Only a few Bible printers, in our time, have broken away from this strange typography, and produced a Book which is easy to read.

I have ventured to read the story as a story, and the letters as letters. The effect is surprising. Modern scholars have assured me that there is nothing new to say about Paul of Tarsus. He has receded so far into the mists of the first century that "discoveries" are hardly possible unless one

can spend a lifetime digging in ancient cities and monasteries around the Mediterranean. Few of us can do this. But any one can dig into the story itself and the letters themselves. And if the effect is a little startling one can remember that both Luke and Paul had every desire to startle the world.

Not being the production of a scholar, this book must contain many slips, for which I now apologize as humbly as I could do in a personal letter to the reader. But because it is not the product of scholarship the book may contain certain human things which the scholars have not observed.

H. P., JR.

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CHAPTER ONE

"Take Up Your Tent Pegs and Follow Me"

§1

The execution of Yeshua Han-nasri was a complete success, in its managers' eyes. It never crossed their minds that it was the Crucifixion of Christ. It was a quick professional disposal of a dangerous revolutionist. The Christian Church was in existence, but only as a shadowy group of disciples. Simon Bar-jona had turned to the leader a few months before the end and said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

The recognition was received with joy, and Yeshua made a jest that has come thundering down the centuries. "Thou art the Rock (Peter)," he said, "and upon this Rock I will build my church." He tried to make his followers understand that he must go to Jerusalem, and be mocked, and spitted on, and scourged, and put to death. He had said many other incomprehensible things to them, in these last few weeks. "And," comments Luke dryly, "they understood none of these things."

"Be it far from thee, Lord," Peter said. "This shall not be unto you." Yeshua silenced him with a quotation: "Get thee behind me, Satan." When it became altogether clear to these bewildered followers that the Messiah was plunging forward to his doom, they told about the activities of the men in Jerusalem who represented Church and State. One must comprehend Caiaphas a little. Caiaphas stood for Church and State, for property, for the faith of the fathers. "It will be expedient for this man to die for the people," he said to the council. "If we let him alone, all men will believe him, and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation."

It was an intelligent resumé of the situation. Great judges are chosen for their intelligence. To Caiaphas, Jesus Christ was still Yeshua Hannasri, the man from Nazareth, who tramped through the villages followed by Simon Barjona and a crowd of others whose names were strange to official ears. "It will be expedient for Yeshua to die," said Caiaphas. His word traveled fast.

They persuaded Jesus to hide for a time in the desert. They believed him or believed Caiaphas—it made no difference which. He was doomed to die. So thoroughly did they come to

believe it that two of them made a spectacle of themselves. "Grant unto us," they said, "that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory." The others heard it, and were irritated. Jesus answered the fatuous request with unruffled politeness. He trudged on. "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all," he remarked, thinking, one can not doubt, how little these men understood him and his purposes, after all these years.

He walked through Jericho, and his blundering, wondering Church followed him. "Take up your tent pegs and follow me," he said; the word has been mistranslated into "cross." They followed. They understood none of these things.

He performed one last act of kindness. A blind beggar, Bartimæus, sat by the roadside near Jericho bawling out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." Bystanders tried to hush him up. He bawled all the louder. Jesus restored his sight, and walked down the long road to Jerusalem.

§2

It was a most successful execution—another way of saying it was one of the most appalling mistakes in history.

Caiaphas slept soundly for a time. He had done his evident duty. He could congratulate himself on great astuteness in managing matters. He had inspired the crowd to shout "His blood be on us, and on our children." It was only a rhetorical flourish, but it had stiffened the spine of the old Roman sentimentalist who took such mawkish interest in the prisoner.

Caiaphas could smile at the legend of Roman toughness. The Romans were merely children beside Jewish judges of the old school. Pilate's wife had shown feminine softness at one critical moment. "Have nothing to do with this Just Person," she said. Roman wives were creatures of sentiment. If a tag of Hellenic culture had not come into Pilate's mind at the most critical moment, while the prisoner was fencing with his stupid questions, Pilate might have upset the whole thing. "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice," Han-nasri said. "What is truth?" wheezed Pilate—a tag out of the fine-spun philosophy of the Greeks. Caiaphas could have answered that question. Truth is the law and the prophets. Truth is laid down in holy books for men's guidance forever.

But the priest held his tongue. The fat old politician waddled out on the balcony, and washed his hands.

"I am innocent of the blood of this——" he began, and paused. Of this what? He quoted his wife. "This Just Person," he finished. "See ye to it."

Then came the roar of the crowd. *"His blood be on us, and on our children."*

Caiaphas must have thought about that episode less and less, as the remaining months of his year of office passed. Yeshua was only the Man from Nazareth, who could bemuse the crowd everywhere, except at home! In the eyes of Caiaphas he was merely one of those loose-mouthed village agitators who find it so much easier to drift, and talk, and do miracles before gaping yokels, than to work at their trade. Yes, it is easy to work all sorts of miracles among poor credulous people who do not know you too well. This fellow had failed abjectly in his own village. When his neighbors saw through his tricks, he made them such an insulting speech that they wanted to kill him. A pity he slipped through their hands, thought Caiaphas. That would have saved trouble. A real priest has no need of miracles. It is far better to have an organization.

Had Yeshua Han-nasri, the unsuccessful blasphemer and revolutionist, left an organization?

Obviously, he had not. In his hour of need he could not even summon a tatterdemalion army

to give the Roman military police a battle. One of his followers had shown fight; that big fisherman, Simon Bar-jona. And Simon had shown abject terror soon afterward. Caiaphas could have respected a secret society, a sort of Mafia or Ku Klux Klan. He would have known how to deal with it. One word to fat chicken-hearted Pilate, and Pilate would have called for cohorts enough to slaughter every revolutionist in Galilee. Rome loathed societies. Rome was one great mother, with her Pax Romana brooding over all. The Roman law was exceedingly bitter about secret organizations; it was all you could do even to belong to a burial club.

Imagine a powerful secret society composed of fishermen, and giddy Zaccheus, the publican, and Mary of Magdala, and a variety of tramps and ne'er-do-wells, and old Bartimæus, the beggar!

No wonder Yeshua had put up no fight at all. His followers were not going to fight. Apart from a few well-placed Levantines they were nothing but powerless peasants and vagabonds. They mourned him, and thought they saw his ghost from time to time. A few had the audacity to say it was no ghost, but his actual body raised from the sepulcher, with wounds on the hands and feet.

Caiaphas and Annas could smile at such

rumors. The mob-leader was dead. His only strong follower had slunk back to Galilee and was now fishing naked in the lake. He had to put on his coat quickly, once, when he was interrupted. It was absurd to fear that a naked fisherman could threaten the peace of Jerusalem.

But it was an uneasy peace at best, with the Roman eagles flying at Cæsarea and in the castle at Jerusalem. Caiaphas had told one politic and very successful lie at the trial. "Shall I crucify your king?" asked the wabbling Roman; and the priests replied: "We have no king but Cæsar." They had a hereditary king, an anointed and consecrated Herod. That stupid swine of a Tiberius was no more their king than Belshazzar himself had been. Herod was a shadowy figure, seen from Rome—a mere rajah, cultivating what dignity he could under the eye of a viceroy. But Herod was king. The lie had helped to placate Pilate; fat stupid Pilate with his interfering wife, his Hellenic veneer.

In the minds of men who live under two flags, there is never any rest.

§3

The Crucifixion scattered and broke up the Church. But it had a spirit, a leader, even a

ritual; the Last Supper was the cornerstone of all Christian ritual, and not for decades were men to begin squabbling about such preposterous questions as whether they were more reverent if they took it sitting, or kneeling, or lying on divans. At first, it was only a supper—a supper with the desired quality of "remembrance of me." It must have been almost gay, not cold, and mystical, and pompous. The men and women of that first Church were simple, and simple people lose no chance to be gay when they eat and drink. For a time they had no professional priests or ministers. Slowly Peter and James grew into prominence; they could afford to come back from Galilee when the possessions of the principal Christian disciples were thrown into a common pool.

Under Peter's halo there is always something robust and human and winning. He would not, I think, have thanked the artists for putting on the halo. About James, the "brother of the Lord" it is not possible to feel very enthusiastic; early tradition has done him a tremendous disservice by saying that he was so holy that he developed enormous pads on his knees, like a camel, from kneeling in incessant prayer on cold stone floors.

James, in short, has either been a great deal

misrepresented or else he is a sadly unsuitable person to be held up as a model for ministers. No one who had grown up with Jesus or near Jesus, could possibly have believed that the way to the heart of Jesus was through long kneeling on cold floors. Or through cold formalism. The Epistle of James, as it is given in the New Testament, is a singularly dreary document. He is very much in favor of temptations, because resisting them is so good for you. He makes the flat statement that "pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." To which any genuinely religious person will instantly reply: "I'll be blowed if it is!" Those are excellent homely virtues which the good James advocates; but they are not pure religion. James is in favor of "works." And by works, one knows, he means the whole endless routine of the most stringent Levitical law. He is a depresser. "What is your life?" he asks. "It is even a vapor." He loathes rich men; Jesus had been markedly fond of some of them, but James condemns them all. "Go to!" he says to them—and the words are an oath. "Weep and howl, ye rich men, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold

and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you." He concludes with an eloquent statement that it often pays to pray for rain.

One can not take James very seriously. Long ago he annoyed Martin Luther so much that Luther characterized his alleged epistle by a word that in this plain-spoken decade can be translated frankly as "lousy." But he was taken very seriously in his lifetime; and he was, obviously, the man of all men who would clash most hopelessly with such men of the world as Paul. He was, and he did; and the sentiment of much of the religious world has been with him from the start. But it was James, more even than Peter, who gave the original Church a rallying point and a center at Jerusalem. His thin gloomy figure was indispensable as long as those who followed The Way were all Jews. For years the Christian Church was entirely Jewish, a sort of clique inside the Jewish religious communion. Nobody thought it possible to become a Christian without first being, or becoming, a Jew. The fact that Christ's philosophy regarded all men as brothers was not taken into account, for the disciples were simple men of provincial outlook, and their intellectual vision did not extend beyond the Jewish world.

They comported themselves as Jews. They worshiped in the Temple. They observed all the rites of Judaism; but so strong was their conviction that they had been shown a mystery—that is, a revelation disclosing God's nature and purpose—that they incurred the hostility of the fanatic Jews, and persecution resulted. One of their strongest converts, Stephen, was stoned. This occurred perhaps three years after the Crucifixion. It was, if such a thing is possible, more ghastly still.

Crucifixion, a Roman punishment for runaway slaves, was administered by professional ruffians—rough soldiers, recruited and trained to be as hard and businesslike as possible. They beat Jesus so badly, before taking him to Golgotha, that he lived only three hours on the cross. Only the riffraff attended such an execution, apart from those who mourned. I am not minimizing the horrors of crucifixion. I am merely suggesting that the agonies of stoning, under the strict Mosaic law, were more frightful by far. The victim wrangled for hours with his judges. Even after he had reached the gully appointed for such executions, his defense could be prolonged by the merest hint of fresh evidence. A horseman was kept outside the judgment hall, to gallop with a stay of execution upon the dis-

play of a signal by the execution party. And the execution party consisted, first of all, of the "witnesses"; they were required, as everybody remembers, "to cast the first stone."

When the cat-and-mouse business of reprieving the prisoner was over, he was thrown on his back in the gully, and amateur executioners threw stones on him until a cairn was formed. He might live for hours under the cairn, before thirst and internal hemorrhage finished him. That was the fate which Caiaphas (once again High Priest) provided for Stephen. The technical offense was blasphemy, but his real crime was doing "great wonders and miracles among the people."

Stephen made, before the Sanhedrin, a long and by no means attractive defense, starting with Abraham, and synopsizing the history and unhappiness of the Jews down to the coming of "the Just One." It is the longest speech recorded in the New Testament. At the end, Stephen lost his head. Jesus had treated the Court with exquisite courtesy; not because he wished to be acquitted, but because he had no rancor. His work was done. He wished only to die as soon as possible. Stephen had no desire to die. He lost his self-command, and attacked the Court:

"Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart

and ears," he burst out, "ye do always resist the Holy Ghost . . . Of the Just One ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

Those insults finished Stephen. "They were cut to the heart," says Luke, "and they gnashed on him with their teeth." Few can blame them. He made, according to an eye-witness who told the chronicler, a remarkably fine end.

CHAPTER TWO

The Wager with God

§1

Ancient Tarsus was, like Boston of fifty years ago, a rich center of the wool trade, with a claim to being the hub of the intellectual universe. It is forgotten now; and efforts to make it seem important by listing the names of its dead sophists and savants do not raise it from sleep.

There is not a single trustworthy anecdote of Paul's boyhood. Like the beginnings of nearly all great lives, it was obscure and dull. We know that Paul had a sister. We know that Paul's father was a Jew from Galilee, a Pharisee, and rich. We know he was a Roman citizen, but we do not know if he was Roman born, or bought the citizenship, or won it by some act of outstanding merit in Roman eyes.

He coddled his boy. Most rich Jews do—it is the defect of their virtue of being good fathers. As Doctor Lyman Abbot says, "Paul lived in a famous University town, notable for Greek scholarship, but a Hebrew would no more have sent his son to the study of Greek dramatists than

a Puritan under Charles II would have sent his son to Congreve and Wycherly."* Paul finished his life with a smattering of Greek thought, but he picked it up in late years. It was the sort of education a man gives himself, by reading or listening for pleasure, and not the sort that is rammed down his throat in school. Plato spoke of "evil for evil" two hundred years before Paul used that phrase. Plato said "to die is gain," and Paul echoed these words, and quoted from other Greeks. But Paul went to the elementary school connected with the Jewish synagogue in Tarsus, and the system in such a school was to teach, not belles-lettres, but the Scriptures until children knew them by heart.

"At five years old," says the old Jewish rule, "the child comes to the reading of Scripture, at ten to *Mishnah,* at thirteen to the practice of the commands, at fifteen to doctrine, and at eighteen to marriage."

There was a better side, however. It was true that the Rabbis believed that Greek literature was poison; but the Rabbis also believed that honest work was a sacred obligation. Paul was taught a trade—the weaving of goats' hair into the thick cloth called *cilisses.* "One who does not teach his son a trade teaches him robbery," said

*From *Life and Letters of St. Paul,* by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

the proverb. Rabbis were paid no fees, and accepted no gifts. Rabbi Zadok said: "Make not your disciples a crown, to win glory by them, nor an ax, to live by them." Rabbis of Tarsus were millers, shoemakers, tailors, bakers, smiths, carpenters and perfumers. Both the Greeks and Romans thought that work was ignoble, and to be done only by slaves. Paul, and every other young Rabbi, considered it honorable to work, and to accept no pay whatever for teaching and preaching the Law.

The Law was the great central fact of his boyhood, and at about fifteen he was sent to Jerusalem—sure evidence that his father was rich—to enter the "House of Interpretation," or Rabbinical College. This college was inside the Temple. Its faculty consisted of Rabbis and Scribes (which does not mean "writers," but men who knew the Scripture). The course consisted of the Law, the Prophets and the Hagiography. The method, known as *Midrash* (interpretation) included *Halachah* and *Haggadah*—law and history. Of *Halachah,* with its endless distinctions and restrictions, its splitting of all kinds of legal hairs, the less said the better. And of *Haggadah,* the historical half of the curriculum, it is perhaps sufficient to know that it recognized four meanings in every passage:

Peshat—the simple meaning
Remaz—the suggested meaning
Derush—the meaning discovered by investigation
Sod—the mystical meaning

There are always boys—our law schools and engineering schools are full of them—who prefer this sort of technical instruction to the freedom of what is called "progressive education." Paul may have been such a boy. At least he learned how to use the Rabbinical method. Years later you will find him gravely arguing that God's promise to Abraham speaks of his "seed" and not his "seeds," and must therefore refer to Christ alone, and not to the whole Jewish people.

We know nothing whatever of Paul's record at college, but he tells us that he became a member of the strictest sect of the Pharisees. Pharisees were the Puritans—the intense fundamentalists—of their day. We know what they believed, and what Paul must have once believed.

He believed that the Law had been given to Moses on the Mount, and that Moses wrote, from God's dictation, every word and every letter of the first five books of the Bible, including the story of his own death and burial. He believed that obedience to the Law was the

supreme object of life; especially the ceremonial side, which contains man's duty to God. The Law states that justice, kindness and mercy are due from man to man; but the Pharisees held that duty to God is far more important than duty to man. Only the prophets had protested against this view. Micah said: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Jesus remembered this verse, though the Pharisees had long since repudiated it; in fact, it was charged that he ate with "unwashen hands," and greatly preferred righteousness to ritual. Paul, in his boyhood, would have made no mistake. "As touching the Law I was blameless," he says.

What the Law imposed on fundamentalists may be found in part by skimming through Leviticus. Doctor Abbot, who always had a pawky sense of humor, remarks that Paul "fasted twice a week; on the fifth day, because on that day Moses went up into the Mount; and on the second day, because on that day Moses came down again. He celebrated in fasts almost every great calamity in the national history: the burning of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, the siege of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans. He would carry no bundle on the Sabbath day, and would never walk on that day for pleasure or recreation.

Whenever he returned from a walk, the first thing he did was to get water and wash his hands, because he might have touched a Gentile; then he would have been unclean, and had he eaten with unclean hands the uncleanness would have entered into him and degraded him."

Such purity was carried a long way. "We know," writes Dean Farrar, "the elaborate strainings of the water and wine, so that not even the carcass of an animalcula might defeat Levitical anxiety. We know the constant rinsings and scourings of cups and pots, carried to so absurd an extreme that, on the occasion of washing the gold candelabrum of the Temple, the Sadducees remarked that their Pharisaic rivals would wash the sun itself, if they could. We know that the Talmud devotes one whole treatise to hand-washings, and another to the proper method of killing a fowl. . . . The normal belief of the religious party among Jews was that, though of the 248 commands and 365 prohibitions of the Mosaic Law some were 'light' and some were 'heavy,' yet that to one and all alike, not only in the spirit but in the letter—and not only in the actual letter, but in the boundless inferences to which it might lead when every grain of sense had been crushed out of it—a rigidly scrupulous obedience was due. That was what

God absolutely required. This, and this only, came up to the true conception of the Law. And how much depended on it! Nothing less than recovered freedom, recovered empire; nothing less than the final hopes which for many centuries they and their fathers had most deeply cherished. *If but one person could for only one day keep the whole Law, and not offend in one point,* then—so the Rabbis taught—the troubles of Israel would be ended, and the Messiah at last would come."

Dean Farrar knew boys. He says, and it sounds highly probable, that young Paul was exactly the sort of boy who would have tried to win this bet with Jehovah—for bet it certainly was, though the Dean does not use the word. For a long time, no doubt, something tripped him; "the exact size of a strip of parchment, or the shape of the box in which it was put, or the manner in which the box was tied on the forehead or the arm." Perhaps he succeeded in obeying the Law for a whole day, and no miracle followed. At least, we know that he looked back, in the long run, on these college days with a sharp sense of their futility.

He may have stayed in Jerusalem when his education was complete, or he may have gone on one of those proselyting tours which were

popular among the Pharisees. He may have gone home, and married; the chances are that he did, because marriage was obligatory. "These four are reckoned as dead; the blind, the leper, the poor, and the childless," said the proverb. "Whosoever does not apply himself to begetting is even as a murderer; it is as though he lessened the image of God." It was required of members of the Sanhedrin that they must be married; and Saul later became a member of that Court.

However, even after you have hunted through foot-notes (which are barnacles on the bottoms of the pages of so many scholarly books) to discover what Clement and Tertullian and Jerome and a hundred others have said about Paul's own remark concerning "widowers and widows," you will find nothing conclusive on this point. Chaucer, and the men of his time, thought that Paul was "a mayde." The curtain drops on his life for fifteen years, then it rises with a bang. Up to this point, I have merely written what a dozen authorities have said about him, and they can not make it interesting. But it is perhaps an inevitable overture, for the beginnings of all great lives are dim and dull.

CHAPTER THREE

Ophthalmia?

§1

The most interesting person who saw Stephen's execution is discussed—in fact, he is analyzed—by Luke in fourteen words: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Shaûl." The fourteen words are worth at least an ordinary writer's chapter. It is the first time Luke mentions Paul.

Luke's own sympathies are strongly on the side of Stephen, his compatriot. Luke has called him "full of faith and power." He has said that "his face was as it had been the face of an angel." With admirable craftsmanship he writes Paul's name as Saulos, or Shaûl. It is the art of characterization in one word. A Jew. A Jew no doubt of the tribe of Benjamin, whose great hero was the unfortunate King Saul whom David, progenitor of Joseph, harassed and killed. Greek Stephanos under the rock pile; Jewish Shaûl gloating over the scene. All this and much more floated in Luke's quick Greek intellect as he brought Shaûl on the stage. But his stylus scratched only one word—*Shaûl.* Lean on the

reader's intelligence a little, he thought. Be concise. Luke was writing his story for a man of high quick intelligence, a lawyer in Rome.

He goes on in the same terse way.

"And at that time there was a great persecution against the Church which was at Jerusalem and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria except the Apostles. And devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him. As for Shaûl, he made havoc of the Church. . . ."

Pious translators and writers have been only too eager to pass over this moment in Paul's life. The words "made havoc" have but a literary ring. Translated literally, they mean that Paul rooted up the Christian heretics as a hog roots up a vineyard. Paul's talents as a persecutor are insufficiently realized. We may have to part company with the elliptical Luke for a minute and see what Paul, in later life, said about them himself.

In his letters he made six remarks about these activities. To the Galatians he wrote: "Beyond measure I persecuted the Church of God and wasted it." He confessed to the Corinthians that he was unfit to be called an Apostle because he had persecuted the Church of God. He told the Philippians the same thing, attributing it to his

high zeal as a Hebrew churchman. The Greek word which has been translated "persecute" is stronger than that; it really means rapine, with fire and sword. Later, when he was speaking to those who knew the worst about him, the frenzied mob in Jerusalem from which Roman soldiers had rescued him, he said that he had "persecuted this Way unto the death." Finally, when he spoke to Festus and Agrippa at Cæsarea, he said:

"I verily thought within myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem; many of the saints did I shut up in prison, and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them even in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme."

That is the self portrait of a vigorous and successful persecutor. Pliny the Younger, who lived soon afterward, reported to the Emperor Trajan that in questioning Christian suspects he thought it enough to make them offer wine and incense on the altars of the gods and to blaspheme the name of Christ. We can form a curious mental picture of Paul doing the same thing.

"Call him a bastard," he might have said. "Call him a loafer and ne'er-do-well, who led a gang of harlots and drunkards around the coun-

try in search of free board and lodging. Call him an impostor. Call him anything you please, except the Son of the Blessed." Luke leaves all this to one's imagination. His story is as systematic, as free from emotion and padding as a legal brief should be:

"As for Shaûl, he made havoc of the Church, entering into every house and hailing men and women forth, committed them to prison. Therefore"—here Luke indulges in a bit of satire against *all* dispersals—"they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word. And Shaûl, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went to the High Priest and desired of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogues, that if he found any of this Way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem."

There is no writing like that any more. Words are too cheap. In days when the printing press brings enormous sheets full of words to our homes, night and morning, and the radio launches a typhoon of words against our ear-drums all day long, we can hardly bear such a close-packed style. May I make this clear by suggesting how some great American newspaper of the present day would report these events?

POGROM IN ZION

Dr. Saul P. Tarsishian Attacks New Cult

"CHRESTOS" A THREAT TO ZIONISM, HE SAYS

By Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES—Jerusalem, May 7.—In addition to the serious embarrassment felt by the British authorities due to protracted friction between the Arabs and Jews, an orthodox Jewish leader, Dr. S. P. Tarsishian, has been actively campaigning against a cult of obscure men and women who have been indulging in secret meetings in memory of Chrestos, an agitator who was executed by British troops a few years ago.

Although Chrestos left but one hundred and twenty "converts," and these were all of the least reputable element in the population, including Arabs, Greeks and mongrel Levantine beggars, as well as Jews, there have been considerable accessions lately to this communistic cult. The members do no work except for a little unsuccessful fishing, at intervals; they have pooled their possessions, and can not be interested in the agricultural program, despite recent large shipments of farm tools, including tractors.

ISSUES STATEMENT

Doctor Tarsishian issued the following statement last night from his armed camp a few miles outside Damascus: "The national peril from this cult is so great that all good Zionists have subscribed to our war fund against it. We shall give all suspects the privilege of a court-martial. If they refuse to renounce the subversive principles of Chrestos, we propose to stone them to death at once. I am happy to add that one Stephanos Pappapoulos, a ringleader, has already been executed in this way. A firing squad is too good for such scum. Women and children are to be included in this clean-up."

IS COLLEGE GRADUATE

Doctor Tarsishian is a university man, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa and other societies. Despite the moderate tone of his statement, it is reported that more than a hundred executions have taken place, and that the homes of the victims have been looted. Many hundreds of men and women, flying from persecution, have been transported in British destroyers to places of refuge in Crete, Greece and Malta.

And so on, from column to column, and from day to day. Until perhaps a morning comes when it is reported that this social reformer has not

been heard of for some time, and that the new cult has made such progress that questions are being asked in the House of Commons. Such is foreign news, in the full-blown style that never uses a short word when a long one will do. Shall we go back to Luke?

§2

Paul's own story of his conversion, as reported by Luke:

"As I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me.

"And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.'

"And I said: 'Who art thou, Lord?' And he said: 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the

people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee. . . .' "

Millions of words have been written to explain this happening. Next to Luke's own story—and his Gospel is the only one that tells it—of the crowded Inn, and the Manger in Bethlehem, it is the most famous story in the world. Somehow we see our own faces reflected in that blinding light as we try to explain it. Ernest Renan says it was the result of ophthalmia, induced by strong sunlight and the irritation of hot sand. Paul himself said that it was a "vision." Many other strong-headed men have had visions of the same kind.

Take Thomas Carlyle. Like Paul, he was given to concentrated thought on questions of religion and ultimate truth. He was walking along that far from mystical highway, Leith Walk, in Edinburgh, when the conviction rushed upon him that, "though the heavens crush me, I can still believe in Truth." He dramatized this experience, after the fashion of the nineteenth century, in *Sartor Resartus*. Or take Pascal. That tremendous mind moved to logical conclusions, in mathematics, with the crushing and stately progress of a steam roller on a road. He was not a man to go into hot sunlight, and mysticize; he was a creature of cool libraries. But

there is still in existence a scrap of parchment on which the eminent philosopher wrote:

"In the year of grace, 1654, Monday, 23 November, Day of St. Clement, pope and martyr, from half-past ten till half-past twelve, Fire! God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob—not the God of philosophers and scholars. Certitude. . . . Certitude. . . . Peace!"

That very matter-of-fact little Englishman, Robert Keable, who wrote *Simon Called Peter* and several other best-selling novels, says: "That those were the greatest two hours of Pascal's life we cannot doubt. And if Jesus, dying on the cross, actually exclaimed 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' it would be contrary to all reason to maintain that his soul in that hour was not aware of an experience before which the most materialistic of us must stand in awe."

So I am not going to cite the weary "explanations" of Paul's vision on the Damascus road. If it was ophthalmia, no other case of eye trouble in history has ever had such profound results. That our whole manner of life, our ethics, our most beautiful paintings, our most solemn music, are all based on an attack of ophthalmia, induced by the irritation of hot sand, I for one am not prepared to believe. But let us not worry for the

moment about what Paul's conversion did to us. What did it do to him?

It transformed him from a rich, powerful, hugely self-satisfied young doctor, riding on a good horse into the most beautiful city in the Near East, into a miserably blinded invalid, clinging to the hand of one of his followers.

It terminated his office as a Judge of the Sanhedrin.

It threw him, immediately, into the poorest house in which he had ever slept. It meant that practically all his hosts, during the following forty years of his life, would be poor. It was the end of comfort and the beginning of poverty, persecution, ill health and torture.

Those who say that Paul was "a failure at thirty" and a great success directly afterward, are twisting the facts. Even Luke, delighted as he was by the spiritual change in Paul, has no delusions concerning the immediate results. "He was three days without sight, neither did eat nor drink . . . and after many days, the Jews took counsel to kill him . . . and watched the gates day and night. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down the wall in a basket. And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples, but they were all afraid of him. . . ."

He was a man without a country, now.

"I suffered the loss of all things," he wrote, rather grimly, to the Philippians. Neither his old friends would have him, nor the new friends to whom he tried to attach himself. A long period was to go by before he could call himself a Christian. If he made up the story of his "vision," it was surely one of the most unsuccessful lies in the world. He lost everything by it. He gained nothing at all. Back to Tarsus he went, and Luke disdains to tell what he did there. He does not return for eight years.

Perhaps it is easier to believe that Paul did not make the story up.

Perhaps the ophthalmia was all in Renan's eye.

CHAPTER FOUR

Thorns

§1

He was a sick man, after his adventure on the Damascus road, sick in body as well as in mind. Sickness can do strange things to the spirit. It turned such a roysterer as Francis of Assisi into a slovenly ascetic. It turned the ruffling swordsman, Ignatius Loyola, into a bigot. It turned the ebullient Saul of Tarsus into a misanthrope.

All three men recovered from their separate states of depression. Francis became not only a saint, but as keen a bird-lover as Theodore Roosevelt or Earl Grey. Loyola brought his fine mind to bear on the organization of the most intellectual religious order in the world. And Paul came out of his moody retirement to become the greatest champion of The Way which he had so ably persecuted.

But he was not fated to squat in Jerusalem, like those pillars who were already beginning to dispute among themselves as sharply as, shall we say, Bishop Manning, Doctors Karl Reiland

and Henry Sloane Coffin* or any other modern clergymen who differ over some point of ecclesiastical etiquette. Peter had put his foot in it again. Accused by his brother Apostles of actually eating with an uncircumcised person, a low non-commissioned officer named Cornelius, from Rome, Peter explained that he had done it by divine permission. He made a long speech in his own defense. Luke's comment on the applause that followed the speech is interesting. It shows that already—only five years after the departure of Jesus—the essential quality of his religion was beginning to trickle into his followers' minds. "They held their peace, and then glorified God, saying: 'Then hath God also *to the Gentiles* granted repentance unto life!' "

An old gentleman had joined the bickering brethren at this time. He was so much the most charming figure among them that they dropped his name of Joseph and called him Barnabas, which seems to mean the "Son of Consolation." A modern banker might call him Barnabas, the "Customers' Man." He had been a large property owner in Cyprus and was one of those dispersed Jews called Hellenists, or "Grecians,"

*The Bishop's instructions to Doctor Reiland were, in effect: "Don't let this Presbyterian outsider celebrate the Lord's Supper in a consecrated Protestant Episcopal church." To which Doctor Coffin replied, in effect: "My church is as good as yours, and a whole lot better."

who had wandered all over the world. Some of the contemporary comments on them are worth reading. The geographer, Strabo, wrote: "The Jews have invaded every city and it is difficult to find a spot in the world which is not swamped by them." At the same time Josephus wrote that there are "infinite myriads of Jews beyond the Euphrates," and the wily Herod Agrippa, who put Caligula on the imperial throne of Rome, wrote to him that the Jews had spread not merely into Egypt and all parts of Asia Minor, but Thessaly, Macedonia, Attica, Corinth, and all the best Mediterranean islands such as Cyprus and Crete."

But to Barnabas and every other devout Jew, no matter how good the chances for trading and for long life may have been under alien skies, Jerusalem was Mecca. They made frequent pilgrimages to the Temple. They told the excellent Josephus, their best historian, how they were getting on in the world. Juvenal might call them pig-haters; Cicero might call them victims of a barbarous superstition; Martial might crack bitter jests about their poverty, their bodily odor* and their vile trades of selling sulphur matches

*The famed "Foetor Judaeos." As late as the seventeenth century, Doctor Thomas Browne conducted a careful research to prove that Martial was mistaken.

and buying broken glass; but for all that, Josephus happily records that "There is tremendous zeal for our religion among the masses, and there is not a single city in the world where our custom of the Seventh Day of Rest from labor is not coming into vogue." Seneca, as hearty a Jew-baiter as ever lived, says somewhere: "So far have the customs of *The Accursed Race* prevailed that they are now in fashion throughout the Empire. The conquered have given laws to the conquerors."

Barnabas, the rich man from Cyprus, was a Jew. And he was much more of a gentleman than Juvenal, Martial or Seneca. He placed all his funds at the disposal of the tiny commune in Jerusalem. He was a noble-looking old man, as Luke finds an early opportunity to prove; and like all Luke's characters, he comes interestingly on the stage.

"And when Saul was come to Jerusalem (after his long rustication in the desert somewhere east of Damascus) Barnabas took him by the hand and brought him to the Apostles and declared to them how he had seen the Lord in the way."

Barnabas did his best for the embarrassed, uneasy Paul, who at the moment was about as popular with Peter and James and the others as the commander of the German submarine

which sank the *Lusitania* would have been with officials of the Cunard Line. Barnabas did his best. "He preached *boldly* at Damascus," Barnabas said. The adverb means something. Luke was no spendthrift with adverbs. He used the strongest word he knew. "He preached like a lion at Damascus. *He preached tremendously!*" pleaded Barnabas. *"In the name of Jesus, he preached to them!"*

Peter, to his everlasting credit, was open-minded and gave Paul hospitality in his home. But Peter was married; and what Mrs. Peter must have said about this unwelcome guest in her small household is left entirely to our imagination. All men who have ever brought home a thoroughly undesirable professional acquaintance, or business friend, will know without doubt what Peter's wife said.

The laconic Luke leaves the details of that visit to our imagination. And so does Paul, who was a gentleman in the most literal sense of the word. Writing to the Galatians, long years afterward, he remembers the fortnight in Peter's house, and says: "Then I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter and abode with him fifteen days, but others of the Apostles I saw none save James, the Lord's brother." Pious commentators have made much of the spiritual side of this visit. Says Doctor Clarence Edward Macartney:

"Fifteen wonderful days they must have been. Paul repeatedly declares that he learned nothing of his gospel from Peter or any other apostle, but there is no reason to say that Peter did not tell him much of the history of the actual life of Christ, and repeat many sayings of Christ, such as that now so dear to the Church which, without Paul, would have been lost, which is: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Peter must have told him of the Mount of Transfiguration, and the Miracles, and the agony of Gethsemane, and the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, and the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost."

And no doubt, during these conversations, Peter's wife must have flitted in and out of the room, making curious faces at her husband from behind Paul's back,—faces that said: "Aren't you ever going to stop wasting a bed and food on this *impossible* person—this monster who has sent our friends to prison? Isn't he *ever* going away? Can't you suggest to him that we both want him to leave our home? Or must *I* do it?" And Peter, who always ran hot and cold at the shortest of intervals, must have winked surreptitiously at his wife and cleared his throat, and pretended to cough, and said privately to Paul that the little woman was out of sorts, and not herself. "It is too bad you are visiting us while she is in such a nervous condition. If you had

only been here a month ago! She seemed as happy as a lark." Peter must have said something like that, at a moment when his wife had flounced out of the room. And Paul took the hint. Paul packed his clothes and went regretfully away, having seen none of Peter's professional associates except James.

He was not impressed by James. Instead of writing to his flock in Galatia: "I was lucky enough to see James;" he wrote: "But other of the Apostles saw I none save James"—which is a very different way of putting it. The frustrated visit did not even leave host and guest on the best of terms. If somebody gifted with clairvoyance had said: "You are the two great champions of Christendom. You, Peter, are the head of the Roman Catholic Church; and you, Paul, are the pillar of Protestantism," who would have been more surprised than they?

But Peter had already given evidence of his power; he had done strange and wonderful works in Jerusalem. I say nothing of his horrible brutality to Sapphira. Those who in our day have, may I suggest, minimized their incomes a little when reporting them to the Collector of Internal Revenue will feel a certain sympathy for the widow whom Peter slew, after trapping her with a catch-question. But some amount of

brutality may be necessary in any human organization. Heinrich Heine thought so. He said; "The refinement of Erasmus, the mildness of Melancthon, could never have brought us as far as the godlike brutality of Brother Martin."

Peter was an excellent preacher. Concerning the day of Pentecost, or Whitsunday, when the disciples received the gift of "tongues," Luke makes a characteristic remark: "Now when this was noticed abroad the multitude came together and were confused, saying one to another, 'What man is this?' Those mocking said, 'These men are full of new wine.' But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said, 'Hearken to my words. These are not drunk *as it is but the third hour of the day!*'"

After this reassuring remark, he went on to preach a sermon, which, Luke says, almost nonchalantly, made three thousand converts, or as he very much better expresses it, "souls." "And these," adds Luke, "continued steadfastly in the Apostles' fellowship, in breaking of bread and prayers."

That is the greatest tribute ever paid to Peter's eloquence and leadership. When Billy Sunday was asked if it wasn't true that his conversions were only temporary, he answered, "So is a bath." Peter, on the other hand, had the gift of

making converts in large numbers and keeping them steadily in the faith. That whimsical and human joke about it being too early in the morning to get drunk is as appealing a thing as was ever said to any congregation, anywhere. If some modern young graduate of a theological school had sufficient religious enthusiasm to attract a crowd, and sufficient *savoir dire* to turn their heckling into laughter, what a world this would be. There is far more in Peter's sermon than the introduction. But, as unlucky Stephen proved, an introduction is a highly important part of any speech. If you bore them in the first three minutes, you are lost. Peter managed during that uneasy house party to tell Paul about his methods. Paul must have remembered them—for on Mars Hill, in Athens, he too started with a joke. It is only pulpits that freeze men's faces, and turn down the corners of their mouths. When Jesus went to his death with a smile on his lips *("I will see you again, and your heart will rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you . . . Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.")* he left no instructions that there shall be no laughter in his House. This rule apparently comes from the concerns that manufacture pulpits, reading desks, sounding-boards and electrically illuminated crucifixes.

§2

The newly converted Paul had, of course, no such reputation as Peter. He had no charm at all. Ten of the Twelve shunned him, despite all Barnabas could do. He went out at times to try his luck among the Hellenists. They knew him too well and "went about to slay him." He was smuggled down to Cæsarea, and put on a ship bound for Tarsus. Despite the protection of a yawning Roman watchman on the wharf, he must have been stowed deep down in the hold of that ship to hide for a red-hot day, or week, before the ship lumbered out to sea.

Paul was gone, gone back into the provincial shadows of his boyhood home, and most probably gone to meet the vivid censure of his parents. He had made a terrible mess of his life. He was no longer the well-connected, rising young Rabbi Saul, who had been a considerable figure in Jerusalem. One can imagine his old father's contempt and scorn. Was it for this he had sent his boy to an expensive college? Now the young man came home with no friends, and with some sort of painful and crippling disease. He wrote later that the "thorn in the flesh" began to grow chronic during his retirement in Tarsus. It was malaria, probably—

malaria in the days before quinine. And the boy came home with worse than diseases, he came home followed by the scorn of every one, even those expatriated Jews, the Hellenists, who had been so anxious to kill him in Jerusalem.

He had fallen very far from the bright promise of boyhood. He had a wife at Tarsus. Who doubts it, knowing his early obedience to all the conventions? But there is no mention of what his wife said or did. If she left him, she had the support of society. He made no great contribution to Christianity at this time or Luke would have mentioned it—Luke's entire book is a brief on Paul's services to Christianity, and on the beneficent effect of those services. Paul must have squabbled hopelessly with his parents and his wife. Long afterward, he wrote things about squabbles with one's parents and one's wife which are no mere academic expressions. They have autobiography in every line. He must have worked at his trade of weaving. He says that he always worked hard at that trade. The curtain falls again on him for several years.

They were bad years for him. They were still worse for the Church at Jerusalem. Herod cut off the head of the elder James; not James of the camel's knees, but the other James who had asked Jesus at such a tense moment for a re-

served seat in Heaven. Perhaps he faced the headsman convinced that he was about to take that seat. There is nothing in Jesus' reply, patient as it was, which an applicant for a reserved seat could possibly have understood.

Seeing that this execution was well received by the best people, Herod put Peter under military guard, from which Peter escaped with unlucky results to the troops that were guarding him. He too sought the protection of the Roman eagles, in Cæsarea. His escape was due, as Luke supposes, to the insistent prayers of the Church for the safety of their leaders under indictment. "But," adds Luke, "the word of God grew." It was Barnabas who spread the word. It was the well-mannered, jovial old Barnabas who knew how to put the new religion on its feet. He had gone down to Tarsus, "for to seek Saul."

CHAPTER FIVE

A Perfect Name

§1

This venture on Barnabas's part made Christianity.

It has long been the fashion to say that Peter founded the Catholic Church, and Paul the Protestant Church. To accept this view is to imply that if Paul had never gone to work, St. Patrick's Cathedral would be St. Patrick's Synagogue, and every Pope would let his beard grow and marry a wife.

Paul was a Jew, like Peter and James. But Paul was the man who persuaded the world that Christianity was a wholly new faith, not a modified and triumphant Judaism. Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews; and more, he was a citizen of Rome. Who doubts, knowing his story (and the importance of his contributions to the New Testament), that the Catholic Church owes as much to him as to gallant Peter, and to the rest of the Twelve?

Take Paul out of the New Testament. Take him out, with all his courage and his wrong-headedness, his energy and his errors, his logical

mind and his shaky grammar, his personal charm and his fits of rage against stupid people—and you also take Christianity, in whatever form you know it, out of the world. Without Paul, Christianity would have been a beautiful story but not a religion.

Insufficient credit has always been given to Barnabas for his journey to Tarsus, for to seek Paul. The word "seek" suggests that Paul was deeply hidden, and forgotten. All of us say, every day, that our business or charitable organization needs an "outside view-point," somebody who can look at it with "a fresh eye." To the still nameless Church of Christ, Paul was that fresh eye. Barnabas knew he would be. While the little, harassed Church was slowly breaking up into oblivion, as so many other churches have done before and since, Paul was sulking like Achilles in his tent. Barnabas went to look for him before the war was lost.

§2

Barnabas had done great things in that war. Luke tells what he looked like. This jovial, strongly bearded man with the fatherly eye had tossed all his money into Peter's hands for the good of "the brethren," as they called themselves. They were poor hands at managing

money; their first treasurer had turned out to be the greatest rogue in history. They were so slack in distributing funds to the poor, after that, that public opinion forced them to appoint a board of seven managers for what Luke says they called, rather slightingly, "this business." They were no business men, and they plumed themselves on the fact—as careless people so often do. Barnabas gave them money. He did more. He gave himself. He worked for "the brethren" in Antioch, a great town. It was a nameless faith; they spoke of it vaguely as The Way.

Barnabas drew converts to it, nevertheless. A smaller man would have congratulated himself on his ability, and would have settled down comfortably in Antioch as Bishop, or Elder,* for life.

Then the world would never have heard his name, nor the name of Jesus Christ. Men would have gone on with Judaism; with the official Roman state religion (a creaky thing, like all official religions); and with such very unpleasant cults as those of Mithras, and of Diana. Diana of the Ephesians was considered to be so virginal that men could not serve her

*In spite of the gulf that had been dug between them, "Episcopal" and "Presbyterian" originally meant the same thing.

altar. Dog-faced Anubis, of the Nile, must have been invented by rather dog-minded men.

All ancient faiths may have a superficial glamour when they are far away. All become remarkably unattractive when you discover what they really were. There was nothing about Baal, nothing about Buddha, which could inspire the heart of mankind. Only Christianity held that hope. Only Christianity could eventually master the masters of the world.

Barnabas went to Tarsus. It was about a hundred miles from Antioch as the crow flies. There have been no more important journeys in history. Although a writer should fight, to the limit of his endurance, to avoid writing history in terms of a novel—a method as old as Herodotus, and as new as last week's best-selling biography—I shall give way to it now. At this point of his story, Luke is too flattering to his readers. He leaves everything to one's imagination. Shall we try to fill in the most extraordinary conversation of all time, measured by results?

But it will not be sheer imagination. You can hardly doubt what was said.

§3

The big man and the little man sat beside the

River Cydnus, watching the ships along the wharves.

"A fine, fast current," said Barnabas. "Snow water, isn't it? I've been told this is where Cleopatra came in her barge to meet Mark Antony."

"She did," answered Paul.

"All gold, wasn't it?"

"So the old people say. I've met men whose fathers saw it. Fighting for her country, she was—fighting with her woman's charm against the power of Rome. Well, weakness never gets anywhere in this world."

"What are *you* doing now?"

The little man did not answer for a time. His black eyes blinked.

"I'm a curiosity, I suppose. People call me the Rabbi who went mad at Jerusalem. They are wrong. It was at Damascus."

"Yes," said Barnabas. "*I* know."

"I'm not mad."

"You never were. But don't you think—excuse me for being so frank, but I'm a much older man—that your conversion was a little too quick to seem true?"

"I've always been quick. Things come to me very quickly. I had an Experience. It nearly killed me. I wanted to run out and tell about it, make everybody feel it as I did."

"But," said Barnabas, "you can't do things that way. People's minds move slowly. It takes a little time."

"I've noticed that."

"And a little cordiality," said Barnabas. "A little bit of give and take. It's something we all learn, when we get older. May I be frank again?"

"Of course," said Paul. "I wish you'd remember that, except for customers of my cloth, you are the first person who has come to see me in nine years."

"I've been painfully slow. Tell me, how do you stand at home?"

"I haven't any home. Wife dead, father and mother dead."

"And you haven't remarried?"

"I'm a sick man. What woman would have me?"

Barnabas laughed.

"You are a wonderfully well-preserved invalid," he said. "No, that wasn't just flattery. I'd like to have your special brand of ill health myself."

Paul was piqued. "It's in my system somewhere," he said. "It drags me down; it's like a stake sticking into me!"

"Dyspepsia," said Barnabas. "Or malaria, per-

haps. Do the attacks come at regular intervals—every two days? Have you seen a doctor?"

"I've doctored," said Paul shortly. He pressed his hand to his stomach, and went on to tell his symptoms. He was always hypochondriacal.

Barnabas heard him out.

"A disease is sometimes a true friend," he said. "Ill men accomplish so much more than well ones. I think they try harder. . . ."

"Then," said Paul eagerly, "you admit that I'm ill?"

"Bless you, yes," said Barnabas. "Ill and indomitable. There's no better combination in the world. Julius Cæsar always thought—I mean, Julius Cæsar always was a very sick man, and you know what *he* did. They carried him to the battle of Arbela on a litter. By the way, did you say you have customers?"

Paul sprang to his feet. "Of course I have customers," he said, and took a dozen nervous steps on the wharf. "Do you see that ship, the black one? The one with the new mast—see, they haven't scraped the bark off it. *I* put sixty bales of cloth on her to-day; she sails for Antioch on to-night's tide. But *my* cloth is for Rome."

"Sixty bales. You must have a great deal of help."

"Plenty of it," said Paul. "Any fool can run a workshop."

"Many fools try—yes." Barnabas spoke softly. "Suppose you come and show me how to run mine."

"You haven't any workshop," snapped Paul. "You are doing something real; you are still preaching The Way."

"Yes. I'm still preaching. But it is not the thing I'm fitted for. I've had fair success at Antioch—nothing to what you could do, with your gift of persuasion, your organizing ability. Man, you're an Apostle sent from heaven, if you would only give yourself a chance."

"I have tried. The people here laugh at me."

"You are too near home. One's childhood friends are never sympathetic to deep feeling."

Paul had sat down again, black eyes snapping. His fingers clutched Barnabas's arm.

"An Apostle, did you say?"

"Waked up a little, haven't you?" The old man's voice was still low. "I have some help in my workshop, too. But it's no real good. *I* can't inspire it. *I* can't teach men how to preach, how to organize. I am only a duffer, but you are a professional."

"Ah-h!" It was a laugh so bitter that Barnabas jumped. A tear trickled down Paul's nose;

he snapped it off with his finger. "I am a professional, you say. A Rabbi without a congregation, a discredited man, a might-have-been. I saw them stone Stephen. What did you call me? An organizer? Yes, I can do that. Any one can, who puts his whole mind on it, and watches the little things. But do you think I don't know what I've done with my life? Do you think I don't see myself? Do you . . ."

"Young man," said Barnabas, "take the advice of one who has lived a long time. Never get excited. Excitement is the most expensive pleasure I know."

"But I can't help it. I *always* get excited," answered Paul, sitting down.

He was crying frankly now; his eyelids were dark red.

"I dare say I have a drop of Roman blood in me somewhere," said Barnabas. "Father used to suspect it. Our family tree isn't quite clear. There was such an infinite lot of confusion in the islands, during the wars. I'm sure I have a bit of quiet north Italian farming blood. It's a great comfort. . . . Have you any children living?"

The question was elaborately casual, but it brought Paul to his feet.

"They're dead, too," he said. "Just a nephew, my sister's boy. He is fine. He thinks my

Vision was all sun-stroke, but he's fine. I'd like to introduce him to you, and have you tell him that Jesus Christ was no myth."

"Isn't it wonderful"—Barnabas's tone was still quite casual—"how fond the young people are of saying that he was a myth?"

"No, it's natural. They only believe what they can see."

"Jesus would have enjoyed that," answered Barnabas. "He was so extremely human, when he was with us, so amazingly real. He was as real as—as that man fishing from the black freighter's deck. Would your sister's boy doubt the existence of that fisherman? Look, he's just landed an eel. Jesus was as real as I am, as real as you."

"I know that."

"Yet you never saw him."

"I must have passed him a hundred times," Paul said. "I've sat here and racked my brains to remember him. I recognized Peter the minute I laid eyes on him. And poor James, too. I must have seen them in the villages around Jerusalem, when I was in college. Jesus was surely with them. What he looked like I just can't think. But it doesn't matter."

"Why not?"

"He spoke to me," answered Paul softly.

"On the Damascus road. He said he was Jesus of Nazareth—he used his human name."

"And now," said Barnabas, "we ask you to preach him as Christ."

There was a silence.

"He was Christ," said Paul, at last. "I preached him at Damascus, I preached him at Jerusalem. They wouldn't listen. I wrangled with them in the streets. I ran out of town like a lost dog. My wife . . . My father . . . It was a long time ago."

"And now," said Barnabas, getting up, "you are the very successful Saul-Paul, of Tarsus, a prominent shipper of goats' wool to Rome. Ah, time is a queer thing! By the way, should I call you Saul or Paul—there seems to be some doubt?"

"Paul. I've dropped my Hebrew name. If you must know, father taught people to drop it for me. He said Paul was just the name for me, when I came back like a whipped dog from Jerusalem. Paul, the Little One. Paulos—it's the Greek name for the runt in a family. It's a perfect name for me."

"If you like," said Barnabas gently, "you can make it a perfect name."

CHAPTER SIX

West Not East

§1

We underrate ancient cities, especially in the Near East. Modern Antakieh is described as a dingy, fifth-rate Turkish village, with mud-walled huts and narrow streets. When Paul and Barnabas came there, in the year 45, Antioch was the "Queen of the East," a magnificent Greek city upon which both Herod the Great and various Roman Legates of Syria had lavished immense sums.

Through its center, for instance, ran a boulevard solidly paved for more than two miles with glittering white marble. The walls around the city were the tallest and strongest ever built. The palace was on an artificial island in the River Orontes, and immense bridges were built across this river. Superb theaters, residences and public baths made the city a rival of the only two larger cities in the world, Rome and Alexandria. There were half a million inhabitants, perhaps more. They were divided firmly into three classes: Romans, Greeks and Jews. Not for nothing

had Pilate written the superscription over the Cross in their three languages. They were the only three that mattered. Roman peace and Greek taste were the two dominant factors in Syria. But it was a Jew who planted in them the only faith they could bear. He was a refugee Jew; a Jew who could not live and preach in Jerusalem; a moody, uncertain, very unhappy little Jew; Saul of Tarsus, the beaten man.

He came into the superb city of the Seleucid kings, now gleaming with all the magnificence possible to conquerors who never spared expense, and who had myriads of slaves to do their building for them. No building had to pay. No labor leader ever balked a Roman contractor. It was the golden age of construction. Paul had seen splendid things at Jerusalem and Tarsus. But at Antioch he could see, from miles away, a mountaintop carved into a colossal statue of Charon—a work beside which the modern efforts at Stone Mountain, and elsewhere, are very small. He could see on the streets men more magnificent than Indian Maharajahs, men who owned more property than has ever fallen into private hands before or since. Antioch was a tremendous challenge to Paul, not because he was an insignificant person but because he was a very great man.

He did excellent work at Antioch. He was always at his best in great cities, and among important men. He may have looked, rather grimly, at the famous Grove of Daphne outside the wall, with what has been called "crowds of licentious votaries," and its "perpetual festival of vice." But he started his work among Barnabas's converts. "And it came to pass," says Luke, "that *a whole year* they assembled themselves with the Church, and taught much people."

Paul was not behaving in character for that "whole year." It was a long period of inactivity for him, as galling, perhaps, as the long, slow months in Tarsus. But he was learning his new profession under a master—a man who was no eloquent preacher or great writer, but who had the gift of persuasion in high degree.

Fate brought Paul something that took him out of his apprenticeship. The reign of Claudius was marked by bad harvests. Thousands starved to death in Judea in 44 and 45 A.D. Queen Helena of Adiabene, a convert of the Jewish priests, bought what corn she could in Egypt to relieve the distress in Jerusalem. Nearly eighteen hundred years before, in Egypt, the Jewish slave Joseph had invented the idea of the "business cycle," and had persuaded Pharaoh to establish warehouses for grain. There were re-

serves of grain in Egypt, but not enough rich people were interested in the poor of Jerusalem. Among these, none were poorer than those of The Way, the still nameless Church of Jesus of Nazareth.

But it was to be nameless no longer. Somebody at Antioch called the disciples Christians. It is the Greek name for Messianists, for those who believed that the Messiah had come. It was an obvious name, perhaps; but like most famous names, even Shakespeare, even America, it seems natural only when one is used to it. Names count tremendously, as every one knows who has ever had to organize a society, or sell a commercial product, or go through the world under a strange and unattractive name. Luke does not say who invented the word Christian; as usual, he intrigues the curiosity of his reader with a bare statement. "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." Perhaps Paul thought of that superb name, but there is no evidence. Never once, in any of his epistles, does he use it. Apart from Luke's single reference, it appears only once in the New Testament. It was for many years a term of bitter derision and reproach.

The news of famine at Jerusalem came quickly to rich Antioch. For the first time in his life—

but not the last—Paul organized a relief fund. Barnabas and he worked out the details. Every man gave "according to his ability"—a casual phrase of Luke's which you recognize in almost every charitable appeal of to-day. When the fund was ready, in the middle of the black year, 46, Barnabas and Paul took it to Jerusalem.

That was a strange journey for the younger man. But it was good for his pride. He was coming back as a benefactor into the city which had so heartily repudiated him, the city in which he had lost all his old friends and could make no new ones. But he made them now. A decade later, he wrote to the Galatians: "I went up to Jerusalem with Barnabas, and took Titus with me also. . . . And I communicated unto them that Gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them which were of reputation."

An astounding scene followed. It was not Paul who was the center of it. It revolved around young Titus. Titus was intensely unwelcome to the disciples at Jerusalem. He was uncircumcised.

§2

It was evident—it was all too evident—to the believers in Christ, at Jerusalem, that something

horribly new and heretical was taking place in the world.

Despite the persecutions of Herod Agrippa, who had killed the elder James, and had died painfully himself of a putrid fever, the little Church of Jesus at Jerusalem was as comfortable as it could be, in hard times. They were calling themselves by such gentle names as "the brethren," "the believers," "the saints," "the elect," and so forth. Now they found that the vigorous branch at Antioch was not only known by the clean-cut and vivid word, Christian, but was also taking Gentiles into the membership. This was hard to bear. It was *too* hard to bear. There was a frightful row.

We shall come back to that row later. All his life, the specter of circumcision dogged Paul. It seems incredible, in modern days. What used to be a solemn badge of caste among the Jews is but a minor surgical operation that has become extremely common among Gentile babies in good hospitals everywhere. If Titus had not helped to carry the money-bags from Antioch to Jerusalem, Paul's sufferings from the bugbear of ancient circumcision would have been only postponed. The issue was joined, the battle had begun. Either the only way to Christianity was through orthodox Judaism, or it was not. Either

you could convert Gentiles direct to Christ, or you must first make them into Jews with a knife.

Perhaps we smile a little, as the long rumbles of this controversy die away. In Thomas Carlyle's expressive phrase, a great many centuries have "rotted down" upon one another since Paul's time. Paul announced that he could convert men directly to Christ.

Human nature dislikes short-cuts in procedure. Even now we say that a boy shall not be admitted into a university business school until he has first received his degree from a college, and that to get into college he must first have completed four years of high school. We say that to get into high school he must first go through many grades. Sometimes after saying all this we may be slightly abashed by the memory of Andrew Carnegie, who became an able business man without having gone through any of these stages at all.

But the question of whether a Christian must first be a Jew was not an intellectual matter, and still less a commercial one. It was a religious question. Religious controversies strike deeper into men's passions than any other controversies at all. Paul never could make the central Church at Jerusalem see eye to eye with him. He could protest that he himself was a Hebrew of the

Hebrews, and that he had been circumcised in the most regular and orthodox fashion. He could even, in sheer desperation, circumcise poor Titus himself, as a sop to opinion. But never, from the start of his Christian adventures to the end of them, was he free from the recriminations and the active opposition of those Christians in Jerusalem who held that old ways were best.

He went back to Antioch, with Barnabas. They took with them a young man, John Mark. At Antioch, they assembled their best men—Simeon, and Lucius and others, and they gave the matter anxious thought. As they fasted, Luke says, the Holy Ghost said to them: "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

They were ritualists, too, after a fashion. Simeon and the others fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on Saul and Barnabas, and sent them away on a general missionary tour.

Paul was himself again now. The old crusading spirit came over him. He was finished with arguments over dogma. He was finished, for the moment, with the problem of raising money for charity. He was on the wharf at the seaport below Antioch. The wind blew fair. The world lay ahead of him. And it was not the narrow world of organized religion at Jerusalem; it was

the whole world of the mighty empire of Rome.

What would have happened if instead of sending Paul westward, by sea, the men at Antioch had told him to travel inland, toward the east? Suppose he had gone where Alexander the Great led his armies. We would to-day be receiving Christian missionaries from India, and China, and Japan. It would have been no harder, surely, to wreck the still youthful faith of Buddha than it was to wreck the state religion of Rome. Mahomet was not yet born, when Paul set out from Antioch. There were great trade routes leading into the East, there were caravans. . . .

Perhaps the world has never given enough credit to Simeon and Lucius and their colleagues.

"We really should send our firebrand to China," somebody may have said.

"Rome can never be touched."

"Imagine the audacity of carrying our little society as far west as Spain and Gaul!"

There must have been remarks like these, during that season of fasting and prayer. Somebody must have said that Rome had iron-bound prejudices, but that the wandering desert tribes were easy to persuade. Somebody must have predicted what a dynamic man could do among them—a prediction that came entirely true, a few hundred years later, when the desert hordes of Islam rolled over haughty Antioch.

Nobody knows why Paul turned west.

Nobody can even guess what the world would be like, if he had moved in the opposite direction.

§3

His first convert was the biggest man he met.

Many men believe that the way to succeed in an undertaking is to start with the little people. They make friends with the doormen, and the office boys, and the sub-executives, before they dare to approach the president of a country, or of a company. This may be the best plan for ordinary men. But it was not the plan of Paul.

He started always at the top.

His most celebrated remark is, "I appeal to Cæsar." He made it many years after he left Antioch, standing in a provincial court from which he had nothing to fear. He had won his case and knew it, but he had still to win the world. His character is in his appeal to Cæsar. So is his success, and the success of Christianity, and the failure of those sub-executives over whose heads he appealed to Rome.

But that was a long time afterward. Paul and Barnabas shoved off* from the wharf below

*This phrase is modern slang, but it has a most honorable history. See page 163.

Antioch on a spring morning in the year 47. Their destination was Cyprus, a large island seventy miles away to the southwest. Not only a large island, it was a very important one. Augustus had farmed its copper mines to Herod the Great, which explains why Herod was able to pave the corso at Antioch so much more royally than Fifth Avenue, or any modern street, is paved. Copper is important enough now; it was doubly important then, because it was the principal part of bronze, the steel of the Roman world.

Cyprus also had profitable salt-works. Its vineyards produced wines that commanded high prices in Rome, and it was famous for olives and for grain. It became a haven for the dispersed Jews. Barnabas made his fortune there, before going to Jerusalem and sharing his wealth with the little commune of the faithful Eleven, the newly elected Twelfth, Matthias, and the one hundred and twenty other disciples. Barnabas might have tried his hand at spreading Christianity in Cyprus in the first place, rather than Antioch.

But he knew what happens to prophets in their own country. Jesus had failed in Nazareth. Paul had failed in Jerusalem and in Tarsus.

With these examples before him, Barnabas

was too canny to go to Cyprus single-handed. He relied on Paul. Paul was now broken in to the work. His fiery nerves were at least partly under control. With Paul for a partner, Barnabas knew how to meet the sneers of those old acquaintances who would be sure to say:

"Aren't you the old Jew who used to own considerable property here? Well, you look pretty ragged, and your beard hasn't been to a good Greek barber in months. Want us to listen to some remarks about a new religion, do you? Thanks, but I don't think we're taking any."

To which Barnabas might, and undoubtedly did, reply:

"No indeed, neighbor, I don't expect you to hear me. But that younger man over there—do you know who *he* is? That is the famous Rabbi Saul of Tarsus. Escaped over the city wall at Damascus in a basket! Closest thing you ever saw—the Chief Priest there had men looking for him in every street. Just talk to *him* for a moment. You'll be surprised."

Barnabas knew what charm and fervor can do. He took his partner through the fifteen towns of the island, and Luke makes a remarkable comment about that tour. "They preached in the synagogues," says he. It is his way, his

characteristic, suggestive way of reporting that the new preachers were so popular that they were heard by one congregation after another. This could not have happened unless they had made themselves liked. Their turbans may have been less immaculate than in their days of wealth. But they were heard. Barnabas was not forced to fly from his own town, as Jesus had once fled from his old neighbors of Nazareth. The presence of a convinced and convincing stranger, Saul of Tarsus, turned Barnabas into a prophet *with* honor, even in his own country.

Honor came from the highest possible quarter. It should be remarked that Luke never again calls Paul by the name of Saul. Paul was a Roman citizen, standing on Roman soil. The nickname had stuck. Oddly enough, it was also the name of the Roman proconsul of Cyprus, for this island, once ruled by a proprætor, was now of such importance that it rated a viceroy of the highest rank. The man was Sergius Paulus, and he was as real as Lord Curzon or Leonard Wood. A monument inscribed to him has been dug up recently at Paphos, the Cyprian capital where he had his Court.

News of an exciting new preacher came to him. He sent for Paul.

That was the critical moment in Paul's life.

If he failed now, he would fail for evermore. He might become a rustic chaplain, or an obscure minister in the slums of a great city like Antioch. Those would be honorable careers, but not the career Paul had in mind—nor a career that would spread Christianity through the world.

The turning point had come. If he succeeded with this mighty Roman, he could succeed with them all.

As he went to Paphos to see Sergius Paulus, he passed one of the most interesting sights in the world, the temple to Cyprian Aphrodite. Cyprus was the island where Aphrodite (the Romans called her Venus) had sprung from the sea. Even now, her votaries are sometimes called Cyprians. Virgil had written about her great temple at Paphos, and Homer before him. It was the center of romance in the ancient world.

Paul passed the temple on the road to the palace. Perhaps he went in, expecting to see a superb statue of the goddess by Phidias or Praxiteles. The Venus of Milo takes our breath away when we go the Louvre.

What Paul saw was a phallic symbol.

That was the statue which romantics adored—a roughly modeled hunk of whitish stone, dating from early Assyrian times, a symbol of what is politely called the primitive "nature worship."

Around it, incense smoked from a hundred altars, and priests and priestesses accepted pious contributions from believers who enjoyed the rites.

Barnabas must have grinned a little, as his impetuous partner came out of the shrine.

Barnabas must have answered him that the Roman viceroy had been swindled too.

"He is an intelligent, educated man," Barnabas surely said. "And as he has no religion of his own, he will be in exactly the mood to accept what we bring."

§4

But Sergius Paulus had the substitute for religion which always sweeps over the world when an old religion breaks down. Just as America to-day supports a great army of fortune-tellers, palmists, graphologists, astrologers and crystal-gazers, so did Rome in the first century. If there is no strongly preached and attractively managed faith to which people can turn, they turn whole-heartedly to superstition. It flooded the Roman Empire like a tide; Juvenal speaks of the horde of magicians, dream-interpreters, casters of horoscopes, seers, soothsayers and healers who were making fat livings at Rome. Sergius Paulus supported a wizard of his own, one Barjesus the Ulemah. Ulemah

means Wizard, and this man was known familiarly as Ulemas, or Elymas.

Paul had his say, before Sergius. Then Elymas had his say. Presumably Elymas did more than talk. He may have done some tricks; they may have been as good as the tricks of Cagliostro, who was the Ulemah at the Court of Louis XV. There came a moment when Sergius Paulus, amused by this competition between magic and faith, invited Paul to show what he could do.

"He can't do anything, strike me blind!" sneered Elymas.

Paul set his eyes upon him. Paul's eyes were among the most commanding the world has seen; more commanding than most people can imagine in days when so few men have, for good or evil, what is known as an "eye." But Napoleon had one, and so did Washington; and so did the man who in our own lifetime turned Russia upside down.

Paul set his eye upon Elymas. The sorcerer met it for a moment. Then, says Luke, "there fell upon him a mist and a darkness, and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand."

Call it a miracle or not, it was one of those miracles which the force of personality can work. Barjesus staggered back, a wizard no longer. And Sergius Paulus believed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

He Preached Tremendously

§1

Although "Barnabas and Paul" had come to Cyprus, "Paul and his company" went away. The difference is tremendous. It is Luke's way of saying that Desdichado, the Disinherited One, had won his spurs.

Paul sailed north a hundred and twenty miles to Perga, a hot and swampy town, with the great peaks of the Taurus rising behind it into the sky. A curious thing happened on the wharf. A nephew of Barnabas, John Mark, had played a silent and unimportant part in the adventures on Cyprus. Now he threatened to leave the expedition.

John Mark was a convert of Peter's. Peter had dashed into his mother's house in Jerusalem, after escaping from prison during Herod's persecution. "Hush," he said to that startled household, holding up his hand; "tell James and the brethren," and went out into the night, on the road that led to the safety of Cæsarea, where the eagles flew.

That dramatic midnight visit had made an enormous impression on John Mark's boyish mind. He sat at Peter's feet, afterward, and the great Apostle referred to him as "my son." He is supposed to be the writer of the Gospel According to Mark, a strangely matter-of-fact book, altogether different in style and feeling from the warm, picturesque Gospel of Luke. Even if both writers worked from an original source book, "Q," they produced vastly different manuscripts.

On arriving at Perga, Paul and his company made arrangements to join a caravan going over the pass to the great plateau of central Asia Minor. But there was a ship sailing for Judea. John Mark spoke to her captain about passage for one. What he thought of his uncle's new friend, and his uncle's liberal religious ideas, is painfully clear. His uncle had persuaded the discredited Paul of Tarsus to come out of retirement and preach The Way. Paul had started by charming and convincing the viceroy of Cyprus, a Gentile, and a tremendously important one. But he had not followed up his conquest. He had not circumcised Sergius Paulus. After baffling Elymas, the impudent sorcerer, he had not said to Sergius: "Now, Your Excellency, I shall instruct you in *Halachah* and *Haggadah,*

first reminding you to keep your mind firmly on the distinction between *Peshat, Remaz, Derush* and *Sod.*"

Uncle Barnabas explained that all this made no real difference. It was the spirit of the thing that counted. He did his best to smooth things over. He was fond of the boy.

John Mark shook his head, and said that Barnabas must choose between him and Paul.

Barnabas chose. Luke dismisses John Mark with one casual wave of the hand. "*John* returned to Jerusalem," says he. It is a way of saying that John was very, very young.

Paul and Barnabas climbed over the mountains to the cool plateau where the population retreated, with camels and sheep, during the hot months. It is superb country. A modern traveler speaks of "the sudden bursts of magnificent scenery, the thickets of pomegranate and oleander, the enchanting beauty of the lakes, the flights of wild swans." Luke has little space in which to mention landscapes or buildings. He is telling a long story in the fewest possible words. Paul, on the other hand, is completely unaware of nature, and of things. In his letters he never mentions the mountains; he never seems to notice animals or birds. A small altar at Athens, with a provocative inscription, meant

far more to him than the Parthenon, or than any statue by Phidias. Just as John Calvin could spend years in Geneva, and never perceive the lake, so could Paul travel for years among the Ægean islands and never notice the Mediterranean, unless it shipwrecked him. He remembered "perils of robbers" in the mountain trails. But he did not remember the glory of the sunrise behind Taurus, or the mysterious black mountain, Kara-Dagh.

He would have been less Paul if he had.

Half apologetically, in a letter written several years later, he speaks of his great hardships—his floggings, his cold and nakedness, his twenty-four hours as a shipwrecked man "in the deep." But nowhere does he write of the minor inconveniences—the wretched inns, the dust storms, the lice, the frightful heat, and the other details which most travelers so carefully and tiresomely report. If he never saw a mountain, it may at least be said that he never noticed a mosquito.

Many writers have said that this indifference to everything except his message, and the most effective way to deliver it, shows a strange deficiency in Paul. Jesus had loved flowers and birds, and had mentioned them as examples of God's providence. Paul's mind was more lim-

ited, more concentrated. He was oblivious to everything except his work in the world.

He had a conviction that he was racing against time. He was forty now, or a year or two older. Not many years of work remained to him. Not many years remained to the world! He expected that the Second Coming would be soon. He was sure he was ill. He was sure he was ugly and malformed.

But he knew he had power. The year at Antioch, the weeks at Cyprus, had proved to him what he could do. By the tremendous importance of his message, by the sheer force of his personality, by command of thoughts and words, by organizing ability, by sticking to business every minute of every day, he could change the world.

By courage, too.

§2

Paul and Barnabas arrived safely at Antioch, not the metropolitan "Queen of the East," but a small trading town on the great central highway of Galatia, north of Perga. In its synagogue Paul preached the first sermon which Luke takes the pains to report.

No ancient synagogue has been preserved,

but they could be, and were, substantial buildings. Women sat behind a lattice-work partition. The Reader's desk was in the center, with seats all around it, including "chief seats" for the Rulers of the Synagogue. The Ark, containing the sacred Rolls of the Law, was kept on the side of the building nearest Jerusalem. As the congregation entered, a *tallîth,* or four-cornered veil, was placed over each man's head. Prayers were recited, the sacred Roll was handed from the Ark to the Reader, and "all the people stood up." A very complete description of an ancient service is given in the Book of Nehemiah. He says that the Readers "read in the book distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading," after a preliminary blessing to which all the people answered Amen, Amen, lifting up their hands and bowing their heads.

Paul and Barnabas came to the synagogue and worshiped with the rest. It was a cosmopolitan gathering. Greeks from the old families of the country were there, and Romans too. The country had been Roman for only seventy years; there was a strong garrison to protect the road. And there were Phrygians, the natives of the land. It was in Antioch that Luke, a Greek and a physician, first saw Paul.

Luke was present at that service in the synagogue, and saw Paul and Barnabas. "And after the reading of the Law and the Prophets," he says, "the Rulers of the Synagogue sent unto them, saying: 'Ye men and brethren, if ye have any work of exhortation for the people, say on.' "

Paul stood up, and stretched out his hand; a characteristic gesture that Luke mentions often.

He began courteously, but with more than courtesy. He began with something that sounds amazingly like a jest.

> "Men of Israel, and ye that fear God (strangers) give audience. The God of this people of Israel chose our fathers, and exalted the people when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt, and with a high arm brought he them out of it. And about the time of forty years *suffered he their manners in the wilderness . . .*"

A smile swept round the benches. The ancient Jews were intensely religious; but they were not rigid, careful, modern pew-holders, afraid of showing emotion in church. They knew how their remote ancestors had behaved during those incredible forty years, when Moses was transforming them from a race of slaves

into a free and sovereign nation. That was the most stupendous act of statesmanship in history. And how had they behaved? What were their manners?

Perhaps the Reader in the synagogue had just reminded the congregation of the sedition of Aaron and his Ethiopian wife against Moses; or of other rebellions; of endless complaints and murmurs; of the Molten (Golden) Calf. . . .

Paul paused. He gave them plenty of time to remember. Then he plunged into his discourse. Four *short* paragraphs of history—he remembered what had happened to Stephen. Four short paragraphs. Then a crashing surprise:

> "Of David's seed hath God, according to his promise, raised unto Israel a Saviour Jesus."

Two short paragraphs about John the Baptist, who foretold the coming of the Messiah. The Crucifixion of the Messiah—less than fifty words. And then:

> "But God raised him from the dead, and he was seen many days of them which came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are his witnesses to the people. And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the

promise which was made unto the fathers, GOD HAS FULFILLED."

It is impossible, by any artifice known to writer or printer, to reproduce the fire, the fervor, of a tremendous address. "Glad tidings"—good news—it is only possible faintly to imagine how Paul spoke those two words. There have been able preachers in our day. But none like old George Whitefield, who could drive people mad with excitement and exaltation. Five men and women were led out of Gloucester Cathedral into hospitals after Whitefield's first sermon. Spectators fainted in their seats in Covent Garden Theatre, when Edmund Kean acted *Hamlet;* Kean himself required days of rest between performances, because his fire scorched himself.

So with Paul. He was not acting. He had something more inspiring than any lines of Shakespeare to deliver. He had the greatest news which his great mind could bear. He was still in the full tide of his strength, and heartened by his success at Antioch and Cyprus. He was not yet old, not yet weakened by beatings and privation. He let his words come. They ran through that synagogue like a flame.

"Behold ye despisers, and wonder, and per-

ish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it to you."

The last few words are a quotation from one of the Prophets—no doubt a Prophet who had been read aloud that very day. Paul must have dropped his voice a little, and smiled. He sat down, exhausted. The Romans and Greeks and Phrygians gathered around him, when the Jews had gone out, and begged him to preach again on the next Seventh Day.

The Jews followed him as he went through the town with Barnabas. There were private conversations. It took a little time for the Jews to see what Paul's words really meant. When the next Sabbath came, "almost the whole city came together to hear the word of God."

Then the Jews saw what was happening; then, says Luke, "they were filled with envy, contradicting and blaspheming." Paul had definitely accused their leaders at Jerusalem—Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin—of condemning Christ to death. What had Paul said? "And though they found no cause of death in him, yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain; and . . . they took him down from the tree and laid him in a sepulchre, but God raised him from the dead."

Paul had said *that*. Some of the Jews made furious objections. We can sympathize with them; Luke could not. He was not bound in any way to reverence the national leaders in Jerusalem. All he could see was Paul. All he cared to hear were the words of Paul, the magnificent promise of eternal life for all who believed.

Luke tells how the Jews badgered and baited Paul. He tells how Paul turned on them; Paul, and Barnabas too. The gentle Barnabas stood by Paul in that savage argument. They "waxed bold" and said: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo! WE TURN TO THE GENTILES!"

§3

The Gentiles cheered, and carried Paul's words throughout all the region. But the Jews—and here is the first allusion to Paul's constant popularity among women—"stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them."

They went to the next town. Its name was

Iconium. Its people were delighted. Romans and Greeks and Phrygians clustered around Paul; and "a great multitude" of the Jews also believed.

What women thought of Paul does not rest upon the example of the "devout" ladies of Antioch, who were stirred up against him. They were in a minority. Like all strongly masculine characters, Paul was attractive to women. Like all men who excel in some art or accomplishment, he was lionized by them. Like all men who have very little time to give them, he intrigued them. The intensely religious, orthodox Jewesses of Antioch were convinced, in the end, that his liberal and subversive doctrines struck at their husbands' careers, and at the standards of society. They could put him out of the synagogue. But they could not prevent his being favorably received at Iconium, a city sixty miles away. Here, according to an entertaining legend, he met Thecla, a devoted maiden who attached herself to him and went through a series of astounding adventures before she died comfortably in a cavern, at the age of ninety.

But it is not necessary to invent imaginary ladies for Paul. We are coming to real ones fast enough. At Iconium (which later became the capital of the Sultan Saladin, and was be-

sieged by that famous crusader, Godfrey of Bouillon) Paul and Barnabas lived for nearly a year.

At the end of it the city was split into two parties. Many Jews believed. But the "unbelieving Jews," as Luke calls them, were able to attract enough Roman and Greek supporters to make an attack on the house where Paul lived. Stones flew through the air. Some men began gathering stones without throwing them; a sign that Paul knew only too well. There was no way to quell the mob. Roman authorities stood by and watched—precisely as authorities in England stood by when a mob of weavers burned Richard Arkwright's home. Paul escaped. The seed was planted. The unbelieving Jews might rage as they pleased. Paul and Barnabas proceeded to Lystra, passing that extraordinary extinct volcano, Kara-Dagh, on the way. This snow-capped peak rises suddenly from land as flat as a prairie. Brigands have always infested its black sides.

There was no synagogue in Lystra. It was a hamlet tucked away somewhere on the convolutions of the Black Mount. The people were chiefly native Asians, with enough Greeks and Romans to have built a temple to Jupiter, probably not a very handsome one. But this was a

country sacred to Jupiter; it was here that with his attendant Mercury he visited Philemon and Baucis. This old couple "entertained angels unawares" or more than angels—for their magnificent guests, next morning, made them a return for hospitality which transformed their humble lives into glittering prosperity.

Paul was unable, as he had always done before, to begin preaching in the synagogue. He went to stay, however, with a family consisting of a Jewish widow named Eunice, and her young son Timothy. This boy was as young, or younger, than John Mark himself. But Timothy had not had the advantages of a formal education, and his father was a Greek. He became Paul's devoted follower, and followed him to the end.

At Lystra, according to Luke, Paul performed a miracle. Luke is extremely chary of saying that Paul could work miracles. He does allude, almost casually, to "signs and wonders." He was a child of his age, and knew that his readers—even such a metropolitan reader as the Right Honorable Theophilus—would expect some marvelous and supernatural episodes. Paul's miracle at Lystra is hardly in that class.

In a crowd of people who listened to him, in the market-place, Paul saw a cripple. He

looked at Paul with pathetic attention—a feeble character attracted and inspired by a strong one. Suddenly Paul fixed his eye upon him.

"Stand upright on thy feet," he said loudly.

The cripple lurched to his feet. After a little while he "leaped"—Luke's graphic word for the cure.

§4

Robert Keable, who was minister of a parish in Basutoland, Africa—a parish four thousand square miles in area—returned from it with a conception of miracles which is refreshingly different from the laborious explanations of those nineteenth-century Germans and Frenchmen who tried so hard to "rationalize" them. He writes:

"We can understand that what seemed a miracle to the disciples might have seemed to us but the exhibition of a superior and undaunted will. Those of us who have traveled in savage lands have seen many such miracles. A doctor can cure, with a bottle of colored water, or even a few firm words, a savage who is about to lie down and die, and who if left to himself will die, and concerning whose illness and death his savage friends will relate the most astounding

stories of supernatural happenings and appearances. It is in point of fact neither the colored water nor the words which cures him, though the savage will think that it is. It is the impact of an unsuperstitious and common-sense mind upon a superstitious and nonsensical one. Thus do even to-day the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk."

What happens to-day when a miracle is worked in the name of God? Lourdes and St. Anne de Beaupré are far away; their chapels full of crutches thrown away by healed cripples seem to most of us but a strange medieval survival, a curiosity of religion. We shrug our shoulders. And then we pick up a modern newspaper—for instance, a copy of the Boston *Herald* for any day in November, 1929. "Hundreds of thousands flock to Malden shrine." We try to motor from Boston to Newburyport. Traffic is held up for hours, while every available policeman in Greater Boston is sent to cope with an army of worshipers, who jostle one another for a chance to kneel in reverend hope near the grave of Father Power, a young priest who died more than half a century ago. Men, women and children come from all over America to kneel there, to take home a pinch of earth from that grave.

"I took two parties out there this morning already," said a Boston taxicab driver one day. "The first from Chicago, with a sick baby. The others from California."

At last, with people kneeling all night in the pouring rain, the cemetery had to be closed for a time until proper arrangements could be made for the crowds. That is what the news of a miraculous cure can do in our own time.

Lystra was small and pagan and ignorant. When Paul raised the cripple to his feet, the people "lifted up their voices." Paul and Barnabas passed through their clutching fingers. The town was in a fever of excitement. It was necessary to go to Eunice's home to escape from the frantic applause of the populace.

Then, not much later, Timothy ran in with the startling news that the priest of Jupiter had prepared bulls, and garlands of flowers, for a sacrifice to the gods.

To what gods?

To Jupiter and Mercury, who had once more come down in the form of men! To gentle, paternal old Barnabas—the very picture of Jupiter. To small, fiery, energetic, swift-moving Paul. Paul was Mercury. We know what he looked like, now. The people of Lystra have painted his portrait for us. Better by far trust

to their frank eyes, than to the exaggerated humility of Paul's own description of himself.

"I am base in presence," wrote Paul.

"You are the god Mercury," said the crowd.

Some of them had surely seen the matchless Hermes of Praxiteles. All of them knew that this god was as lithe as a bow. He was the messenger of the high gods of Olympus. He was the god who traveled with the speed of the wind. It was a superb compliment to Paul's vigor and beauty and charm. It was all a mistake, but one of the most inspiring mistakes in history.

The sacrificial knife flashed at the bull's throat.

"Sirs!"

It was the tremendous voice of Paul. Very small, very lithe, very beautiful, he flung himself into the gathering, followed after an interval by the jovial, puffing Barnabas.

"Sirs, why do ye do these things? We are men——"

They prostrated themselves in front of him. Paul drew a long breath.

"We also are men of like passions with you," he said, "and preach to you that ye should turn from these vanities——"

The priest of Jupiter dropped his knife. These vanities! It was a strange and unpleas-

ant way to describe the traditional sacrifice to Olympians. He looked at Paul sharply. He was an impostor, after all.

"These vanities," said Paul. "Ye should turn from them unto the living God, who made heaven and earth and the sea."

The superb voice held them. He finished his address. Barnabas added a word or two. The people were disappointed. But they gave up the show. The bulls were driven back to their pens. The flowers were taken off the altar. Smiling rather grimly perhaps, Paul went back to the house of Eunice. We have all heard of the Man Who Would Be King. Paul was the Man Who Would Not Be God.

A day or two later he was stoned.

The unbelieving Jews from Antioch and Iconium were hot on his trail. They came to Lystra and spoke to Jupiter's priest, and to other men in authority. They gave Paul what amounted to a drumhead court-martial. It was not the long-drawn-out agony of an official, respectable stoning at Jerusalem, with its galloper, its herald, its crowd of witnesses with their first stones. Paul's trial at Lystra was brief. They dragged him out of Eunice's house, and stoned him in the street; then they hauled him down a spur of Kara-Dagh into a field. It was the end. The

synagogue had triumphed over this presumptuous preacher of the cross. They left him for dead.

"Howbeit," says Luke dryly, "as the disciples stood around about him, he rose up *and came into the city.*"

I should like to read, somewhere, a book about Paul which makes enough of those five words. Commentator after commentator passes blandly over them. Some think, apparently, that it is a conventional thing for a man who has just been lynched to walk back to town and face the lynching party. The party had underestimated Paul's strength; many others made the same mistake, as his life went on. They stunned him. But they were dealing with more vitality than they had ever seen before. He did not pray, and die resignedly, as the unlucky Stephen had done. He managed somehow, even in the thick of the stones, to protect his temples and the ribs over his heart. A modern mob would have finished its work by kicking him to death with heavy boots. There were no heavy boots in Asia. The work had to be done with stones.

"They stoned him till the stones were piled
above him on the plain
And those the laboring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again."

So writes Kipling, of a stoning in Afghanistan. The victim lived two nights and a day, and then died. Paul lay for a time under his heap of stones. Then his friends—his outnumbered friends, left standing around the heap—saw him move. They saw him move strongly. They saw him sit up, with the stones cascading off his chest. He had not come to Lystra to die. . . .

They advised him to fly. Who would not? They proposed to help him, to show him to the road, to accompany him. They spoke of a fast camel. They brought water from the nearest brook. They did everything that sympathetic friends always do. They did not know their man. He came back into Lystra, back into the jaws of the mob.

It was as bold an act as any, in that boldest of lives.

Paul was finished, now, with being let down over city walls in a basket. He had reached the point where fear ends. If the end had to come, it would come. But something told him, some inner voice whispered to him, that he was not going to die until his work was done. He listened more and more to that voice, as life went on. It did not betray him. He calls it the voice of God.

He spent the night in Lystra. Luke ends his

story of the lynching with a superb burst of terse description. He allows us to guess that Eunice, and her old mother Lois, did what they could to heal his cuts and bruises. Luke was a doctor. He could set a broken bone. Young Timothy did whatever a boy could do. Perhaps he merely kept the fire burning, and ran for water. Paul thanked him for it, twenty years after, in a letter written from Rome. . . .

Luke will never give details like this. He does not even say if the mob howled, or grumbled, outside the house. He saves everything for one great flash. "And the next *day,* Paul departed."

He went out of the city in the sunlight. They saw him. Nobody could meet his eye.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The House of Lydia

§1

The next town was Derbe, a frontier city between Galatia and Cilicia. By crossing one last great mountain range, Paul could have got home to Tarsus, not a hundred miles away. But the last thing he wanted was to go home. Barnabas may have suggested that it would do no harm to run over to Tarsus, and make the easy sea trip from there to Antioch, Queen of the East, with its army of rich converts. Their leaders, Simeon, and Lucius, and Manaen, an oddly named convert who had been brought up in the palace of Herod, would appreciate a report from their traveling missionaries. Paul declined.

Paul does not call himself a missionary, in the modern sense of the word. He calls himself an Apostle, which means the same thing and is far less hackneyed. Just as the modern world needs a fresher, better word to replace "salesman," so perhaps does it need a better word for missionary. Apostle is there, for the taking.

At Derbe, Paul and Barnabas "preached the

gospel to that city and taught many." Luke, with his invincible prejudice against Jews, does not say how many of *them* were included. He has said that Jews were converted in Iconium and Antioch. What became of these Jews? It is one of the most fascinating questions in history.

Paul had freed them from slavish adherence to laws which Moses had imposed, for highly temporary reasons, while Moses was emancipating his race from slavery in Egypt. That had happened *fifteen hundred years* before Paul. Moses had seen the value, in the desert, of a strong, fiery, punctilious religion. He had seen, as any other army commander sees, the value of rigid hygienic laws. He could not let his men intermarry with nomad girls in the desert. He could not let the daughters of Israel form temporary liaisons, or permanent marriages, with people of other tribes. Hence his law. He was a man of all the talents: great soldier, great legislator, great executive, great philosopher. Among other things, he had a strong sense of humor. But in Paul's day, he was antique.

Paul was as far from Moses, measured in time, as we are from the Roman Emperor Valentinian III, who died in 425 A.D. The world has changed a great deal since Valentinian's day.

If we said that we must all wear togas nowadays, because Valentinian wore one and liked it, we should be in exactly the position of a man who accepts the Law of Moses as suitable for daily guidance in modern life in New York. Or in any other part of the modern world. Times have changed, and persons who refuse to change with the times invariably get the worst of it.

During his travels in Asia Minor, Paul opened a great many Jewish eyes to considerations of this kind. He persuaded them that the world was growing up. For one thing, an infinite number of small petty wars were firmly discouraged by Rome. Rome saw no virtue in custom-houses, in different forms of coinage, or in different calendars. The Roman was more than a mere brute in war; but he was a trader, not a warrior. When he had subjugated the world by his extremely efficient armies, he sat down to enjoy it. He liked good roads, good food, good business. He admired art. It is true that, when he was a small farmer in central Italy, he produced no art of his own. But as soon as he had seen Greece, he became the greatest patron of art that the world has ever known. If he stole some statues, he paid for a great many more. If his Roman Virgil was not quite so good as the old Greek Homer, he was nevertheless better

than any other poet of the day. What the Roman wanted was peace and comfort; he made it a great deal safer and cheaper to travel all over his world than it is to travel over our own. People who "go around the world" to-day touch at a few ports which are thoroughly policed by the United States, England, France and other countries. But it is not healthy to leave the Raymond-Whitcomb escort too far behind you, after dark in Algiers. . . .

Or in any land where Mahomet, Buddha and Confucius have done their best for mankind.

Paul had, therefore, great advantages. Horrible ruffians might sit on the imperial throne; but under these ruffians were men who knew exactly what they were doing, men who enforced general peace and prosperity on the world. Napoleon III once wrote a historical book, in which he cited ancient Rome as an example of good government and intelligent organization.

"But Rome fell," objected one of the pedants who were asked to read the proofs of the book.

"How long," asked the emperor gravely, "did Rome last *before* it fell?"

"In round numbers, from Julius Cæsar to the fall of the Eastern Empire, fifteen hundred years."

"Well," said Napoleon, "in human affairs, that is what is called a tremendous success!"*

Paul preached a modern world to the men of the hinterland of Asia Minor. A new attitude toward God, a new manifestation of God's power.

Time to break away from rules which were magnificently practical in the desert between Egypt and Canaan. "The novelty, the new word," says Bernard Bosanquet, "spoken faintly by Jesus but like a trumpet-blast by Paul and by the author of the Fourth Gospel was this: that God was revealed *in man;* that love and knowledge, the spiritual unity of mankind, were the actual being of God; so that ultimately the idea of Christ's second coming is transmuted into and replaced by the idea of the communication of the Divine Spirit to the individual believer."

That was the message. Bosanquet says finely that Paul could not anticipate how the new Christian doctrine of God inside our world would, in the course of ages, crush and destroy the old heathen doctrine of God outside our world. But Paul could see how it crushed the doctrine which proclaimed that marriages between Jews

*"*Dans les affaires humaines, c'est qu'on appele un grand succès!*" The oldest flag in the world is that of the United States, a government only one hundred and forty-seven years old.

and Gentiles were illegal—displeasing not only to Moses, but to Jehovah. What became of Paul's first Jewish converts? Did they stop straining their wine, in order not to swallow even "the carcass of an animalcula"? Did they marry the daughters of Romans, of Greeks, of Phrygians? Did they break away from the tiny trading towns where they lived? Did their children become, by any chance, ancestors of those modern people who most loudly proclaim their dislike of Jews?

Wherever Paul went, he began his work among his own people. He converted thousands of them: Luke admits it; Paul himself speaks of it in his letters, every one of which names some person or persons from whom he has knocked off the shackles of an antiquated faith. It is wrong to assume, after reading Luke's story, that *all* Jews hated Paul, blocked his work, and did their best to kill him. Some Jews did. But they seem to have been, always, the professionals. "Sunday, I could not help remarking at church how much humanity was in the preaching of my good uncle, Mr. Sam Ripley," noted Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his Journal. "The rough farmers had their hands at their eyes repeatedly. But the old hardened sinners, the arid, educated men, ministers and others, were dry as stones."

Like Jesus, who was left entirely free to preach as long as he did not threaten the Temple trade, the Temple ritual, Paul was beloved by many Jews and abhorred by only a few. Those few were powerful. But in the long run, not so powerful as Jesus, or as Paul.

§2

Back from peaceful Derbe he went to Lystra, where they had both worshiped and stoned him; and from Lystra to Iconium, and to Antioch—the little Antioch in the Pisidian hills. He had reached the point where fear ends. He was not molested. He established churches in these towns, and others. In each town he appointed a Presbyter (or, if you prefer, a Bishop) to take care of the church. Even in Perga—the cool weather had set in, and the people had come down from the hills—there were enough people to be worth reaching. Paul and Barnabas reached them. After praying with them, they "commended them to God" and took ship for great Antioch, Queen of the East.

There they made their report. "They rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." The last three words are a slur.

The most important and interesting person who had walked through that door into freedom was a Gentile, Luke himself. But there was another great man to be heard from. Not yet a man! The Jewish boy who blew on the fire and kept the water hot, on the night after Paul was stoned. Paul made him immortal, too.

§3

An agreeable visitor to the Christians at Antioch, after Paul and Barnabas returned there, was Peter. Always friendly, he joined them at meals. The pollution he risked by fraternizing with a Gentile like Luke did not upset Peter at all. In a way he was on holiday. James could not see him. And his Master had not been above sitting down with hands not ceremonially laved. His Master had sat down with some very queer people indeed, thoroughly wrong ones from an orthodox point of view. But then, in spite of everything James could say about it, his Master was the last person in the world who could be called orthodox.

Hearty, impulsive, sympathetic old Peter had dined with a Roman officer, and spent the night in his house. That, in orthodox eyes, was far more shocking than his denial of the Master, on

the night of betrayal. The other disciples had run so fast and far that their names do not get into the story at all. Peter, by venturing into Caiaphas's house, had shown more pluck than they. And Peter had struck one blow on the Mount of Olives, when the priests and legionaries came to arrest Jesus. If Jesus had not told him to put up his sword, he would have died fighting. He was the bravest of the Twelve.

But now he dined with a man whose steel-hard courage never failed. Peter knew courage when he saw it; he could appreciate the story of Paul's bravery at Lystra. The Master had now enlisted a man of unshakable gallantry. This man was surrounded by Jews like Barnabas, and by a circle of admiring Gentiles. Peter joined the circle. It was the sort of relaxation from tiresome orthodoxy that Jesus has so much enjoyed. But it did not last long.

"Certain men came down from Judea," says Luke, significantly, and said: " 'Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses ye can not be saved.' When, therefore, Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and disputation with them . . ."

Barnabas had known Jesus. Barnabas may have quoted what Jesus had said on this point. But he discovered the futility of argument with

these bigots. He could not convince the brethren from Jerusalem, any more than they could convince him. Barnabas was growing short-tempered now, as life threw unexpected shocks on him. The old sunniness was wearing out. He missed John Mark. The boy might err in his opinion of Paul's liberalism, but he was blood-kin.

The quarrel raged just as quarrels always rage when religious differences rise. There was no more peace in the circle at Antioch. It was decided that Paul, Barnabas and others should go to Jerusalem and secure an official ruling on the subject.

They had a pleasant journey. Luke mentions visits to friends along the way and speaks of "great joy"—one of those rare adjectives which suggest that the trip was one long carnival. As it should have been. There was a serious quarrel between Peter and Paul at Antioch, because when the envoys from James arrived Peter had stopped eating with the impure. He had risen hastily and sidled out of the room, no doubt with his mouth full and a blush on his guileless face. Paul had attacked him for hypocrisy. That was the word with which Jesus so often taunted the Pharisees. It only meant "play-acting." If Luke had described the production of a Greek

play at Athens, he would have said: "The hypocrites gave a good (or bad) performance."

Nevertheless, Paul was stern with Peter. He quoted his own remarks at length in his Epistle to the Galatians, twelve years later. He was much stirred. "I said to Peter *before them all* . . ." He said an unanswerable thing. "If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles . . . why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?"

Peter waved his hands, and cleared his throat. "Now, now!" he must have said. "Let us submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, for so is the will of God, that with well doing we may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." That was a phrase he used long afterward, in his own first epistle. Its effect on the furious, scornful Paul must have been precisely nothing at all. He shot a glance at Barnabas. "And Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation," he said.

Sharp as the quarrel was, they forgot it on the road to Jerusalem. Little men bear grudges for a long time. These men were great.

At Jerusalem there was much argument. Then Peter rose, and reminded the assembly that he had dined with Cornelius and converted him. "God made choice among us," Peter said, "that

the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the gospel and believe . . . and God put no difference between us and them. . . . Now therefore, why tempt God to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they [the Gentiles]."

It was magnificent. It was not argument, it was not the quotation of texts. It was the personal experience of a man who meant every word he said. Up to that point, the brethren had been answering each other with texts from the Law, with texts from the teachings of Jesus. There were texts enough to prove anything. There always are. Jesus had defied the Law. . . . Jesus had warmly recommended the Law, and said it was eternal. . . . Jesus had said . . . The priests of the Law had said . . .

Peter's brief and personal speech came like a breath of fresh air into that quarrelsome conference. Barnabas and Paul rose in turn, and said what they had done on their journey. Then James, who presided, made the most intelligent and charming speech of his life. Luke reports it, preamble and all. It won Luke's prejudiced heart. Every historian, as well as every novelist,

knows that characters do not stay put. The more observant a writer is the more he realizes that even the most ungenerous of men may, at any minute, do a splendidly generous act.

That is the difference between great literature and all the little books in which the people are but puppets controlled by the hand of the author. "I have finished my first volume which establishes the characters of my personages," wrote the great Jewish novelist, Marcel Proust. "In the second volume they will do the most uncharacteristic things imaginable—as in life!"

James arose, narrow as he was, and gave a liberal decision. "My sentence is," he said, "that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles are turned to God but that we write to them. . . ." He suggested giving four sensible rules, which he explained in some detail. The letter is interesting. It starts with a polite greeting, and ends with the Roman *"Vale"*—fare ye well. It contains this pregnant paragraph:

"Forasmuch as we have heard that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words subverting your souls, saying, 'Ye must be circumcised and keep the Law'—to whom we gave no such commandment—it (has) seemed good to us, being assembled with one accord to send

chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul; men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The four sensible rules are stated again. Christians must not eat meat offered on pagan altars (and then sold to housewives by the pagan priests). They must avoid bloodshed, and strangled meat, and physical indecency. "From which if ye keep yourselves," wrote James, with what must have been a sudden smile, "ye shall do well."

He won his halo, as he folded that letter and addressed it to the churches in Antioch, and Syria, and Cilicia. He was never to win in person any victories over them. But he had won a victory over James.

§4

After pettiness, peace. After the squabbles of men, Paul turned to an intelligent and attractive woman, the heroine of his story, and the second great heroine of Christendom.

She was no queen, sending grain to Jerusalem. She was no wife of a Roman viceroy; no member of that rich, comfortable society in the Levantine ports which Paul came to know so well. She

was a business woman. She sold purple dyed cloth in a bazaar. Her name was Lydia.

The purple she sold was the Tyrian purple, the splendid dark red color that is not made any more in the world. Nothing else would do for the robes of the Emperor Claudius, the unluckiest married man of all time. His first wife was Messalina, whom he had to kill. His second was Agrippina, who had to kill him. The royal purple was known and bought wherever the eagles flew.

Paul met her at Philippi, in Greece.

He had come, by ship, from Troy.

He had new companions, now. "Paul & Company" of the old Cyprus days had taken in new junior partners. Luke was one of them; doctor by profession and literary craftsman by calling. Silvanus was another. His pleasant Roman name has been shortened into Silas. Young Timothy, of Antioch, was the third. He was twenty-four, now.

The senior partner sat with Lydia in the bazaar, and I think we know what they said.

"You have had other assistants?" she said.

"The best in the world," Paul answered. "Barnabas, the salt of the earth. Without him, I should be nothing at all."

"Why are you without him?"

"We quarreled."

"Must you," she asked, "quarrel with everybody?"

He smiled. "I do not," he said.

"But you do."

She brought him sherbet, in a cup. He drank it, and lay back on the cushions, eyes closed.

"Tell me," she said.

"We left Jerusalem rather in triumph," he began. "James did his best for us. Do you know, I very nearly *like* James. But before that, Peter had come to Antioch. I withstood him to his face, because he was to be blamed."

"Ah, don't be literary," said Lydia. "Tell it in simple words, and save your best expressions for a letter."

"I loathe letter-writing," said Paul. "But of course, it must be done."

"Of course. Now that you have founded so many churches, you must write pleasantly to them. They will want to hear from you."

"Pleasantly! Do you think I write pleasant letters? Do you think it is a joy to found churches? Do you think they run themselves? Do you think that those people understand how they can gain joy through Christ?"

"Why, of course. You told them everything, didn't you? And what you didn't exactly *know,*

Barnabas did. Instead of asking me all those excited questions, one after another, why don't you go on calmly with your story. What happened to the old man from Cyprus? You were telling me about him."

"Peter," said Paul, "is the greatest man I have seen. Sometimes he is a trifle too obliging. He wants to please everybody. So when he stopped eating with my Gentile friends at Antioch, to please the messengers from James, Barnabas stopped too. They were play-acting. I told them so, I did indeed. I let them have it, straight from the shoulder. We made it up again, in no time. We went to Jerusalem together, and Peter behaved splendidly. He made a most sincere speech. He may be too obliging, but I stand by what I said. He is the greatest man I know. Except Barnabas, of course."

"Do you know," said Lydia softly, "that you are almost the most exasperating talker I have ever met? You get all wound up in the skein of your ideas. That Greek follower of yours—Luke, isn't it?—could teach you the rudiments of telling a story. One thing at a time, and finish with one idea, before you start another."

"I wish I could."

"You can. You preach wonderfully. Somebody taught you to be simple and brief."

"The man who taught me that," said Paul,

"was Stephen. No, that's not fair. He meant well, but the Sanhedrin frightened him to death. He should have been brief, polite and personal. Now I myself was raised in a school of long sermons and, though I was a very pious boy, they bored me a great deal. About Barnabas, now. I invited him to go again, and visit our brethren in every city where we preached the Word, and see how they did. And he wanted to come. And he wanted to bring that nephew of his, a young man named John Mark. A prig. He wouldn't go with us to the work in Asia, eight years ago. He left us, and went home. The fact is, he disapproved of me. So I told Barnabas, in the very kindest way, that under no conceivable circumstances would I take that young prig out with me again. If it were the very last act of my life, if I were clinging to a spar in the middle of the sea, out of sight of land, and with a typhoon blowing . . ."

"Please," said Lydia. "I quite understand that you didn't care to take John Mark with you. So you parted with Barnabas?"

"He wouldn't part with John Mark," Paul answered. "So he has taken the young prig to Cyprus, and I—I am here."

"And I am your first convert in Greece?"

"The very first," he said.

She smiled at him. "Bring your new followers

to stay with me," she commanded. "You must all stay in my house."

He demurred. He was always proud of being able to support himself. He quoted the rabbinical mottoes about the satisfaction of self-support. He could weave a rough cloth.

"And I will dye it royal purple," she said, laughing.

"It is coarse stuff for tents and sails," he explained. "It is not what your rich customers buy for draperies and for clothes. I will make and sell it myself. I will not accept charity."

"Who spoke of charity? If I am the first Christian in Europe, I have some rights. I ask you all to come and stay with me. In fact, I insist."

They came, all of them—Paul, Silvanus, Timothy and Luke.

"She constrained us," says Luke, in three words.

Paul had met his match.

He baptized her and the slave girls in her household who waited on the guests. Her hospitality was boundless. She gave Paul strength for the work ahead of him, the work in Europe. She knew that here was a man who could strike at Athens; and not merely at Athens, but Rome.

He was as fiery as ever, but his leaping mind was under better control. Barnabas was no longer at his side to counsel moderation. He

had to think of that for himself. He had to conserve his own energy. Lydia taught him many things. She had made an outstanding success in a difficult trade. She knew how the minds of men and women move.

Paul was never a man who could move comfortably with the current; but he could make concessions when they did no harm. He caused Timothy to be circumcised. Eunice and her mother Lois had, for some reason, overlooked that. The father of Timothy was a Greek. Perhaps he had objected. This matter has made a great stir in religious history; Paul thought it too obvious to worry about. Without it, Timothy could not have been admitted into Jewish congregations, except as a stranger. Titus, about whom there had been a similar question, was a Gentile. This other young man was half Jew.

Paul prepared to push on toward Athens. He was strong and serene. The visit in Lydia's house had been refreshing. He was always at his best with intelligent people, always able to learn from them, always marvelously convincing to them. Lydia gained nothing tangible from her conversion. In fact, she was now a member of a sort of secret society, risky enough in the hinterland of Asia Minor, and doubly dangerous so near Rome. But she was not sorry. There

was always the conviction that she had seen a man who had seen God.

And if we have dared to suggest what her conversations with Paul may have been like, we do so only to suggest what a very intelligent woman can give to a very intelligent man. Hundreds of little people have pretended to see something dishonorable in Paul's visit to Lydia; to which any man of the world will reply that a man with dishonorable intentions does not take three other men with him, including his biographer.

Paul prepared to leave. There was a wretched, half demented girl in the city, led around by rogues who pretended that she had second sight. Paul cured her. She had met a man who could dominate the foul rascals who dominated her. Furious at the loss of their business, they denounced Paul to the magistrates, saying: "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which are not lawful for us to observe, being Romans."

The mob cheered. It was a new experience for Paul to be condemned because he was a Jew. But he was on European soil now. He was facing prejudices which hardly existed in Asia. He looked around at the mob, and saw nothing but savage faces. Silvanus stood with him at the judgment seat. The lictors sprang forward, tied both men to the whipping-post, and beat them

with rods. It was the same punishment which Pilate had ordered for Jesus. It was often fatal, always bloody and horrible.

From the whipping-post, the victims were carried into the lowest dungeon of the town prison and fastened by the feet into stocks. At midnight they prayed and sang psalms. Their voices were so strong, Luke says, that the other prisoners heard them. An earthquake shook the town. The prison rocked, and its doors flew open. The jailer knew what would happen to him if his prisoners escaped. Drawing his sword, he bent over it in the usual way of Roman suicide. A loud voice interrupted him:

"Do thyself no harm. We are all here."

He staggered up, called for a light, entered the prison, and threw himself on the ground before Paul and Silas.

"Sirs," he asked, trembling, "what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

Luke tells the story rapidly. They converted him, then and there. He washed their stripes; they baptized him and his family; he set meat before them and rejoiced, believing in God. At dawn the magistrates sent the lictors to say: "Let those men go."

The jailer was delighted. He urged Paul to

go at once. Paul refused. "They have beaten us openly, uncondemned," he said; and added four words that froze the jailer's heart. "We are Roman citizens."

It had been impossible, while the mob howled in the market-place, to make those words heard. Now, in the silence of the jailer's house, they rang like doom. Rome's hand would fall on those ignorant provincial magistrates, those duumvirs who had flogged Roman citizens without a hearing. Rome's hand would fall on the jailer, too. That mysterious midnight ceremony of Baptism would mean nothing to Rome's viceroy.

But it meant something to Paul. He smiled at the quaking official, and at the lictors who stood at the door.

"They have cast us into prison," he went on, "and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay verily! But let them come themselves and fetch us out."

The lictors repeated his words to the magistrates. "And they feared," says Luke, "and they came and *besought* them."

Paul and Silas came out, and returned to Lydia's house. It was the second time Timothy had seen Paul rise triumphantly after an experience that would have ruined a weaker man.

CHAPTER NINE

Appello Cæsarem

§1

Salonica next. Its name was Thessalonica then, after Alexander the Great's sister. Three weeks after Paul had started preaching in the synagogue, certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" broke into his cousin Jason's house, where he was staying.

Paul's sermons had been his usual ones, a little shorter perhaps, but not less controversial. They ended with the statement: "This Jesus whom I preach to you is Christ."

Orthodox Hebrews divided, as usual, into two camps. "Some of them believed, and consorted with Paul and Silas," says Luke. How many is "some"? It would be worth knowing. Paul is so often called the Apostle to the Gentiles that his successes among his own people are overlooked.

His Gentile converts at Thessalonica included a great many Greeks, and "of the chief women, not a few." Paul remembered those chief wo-

men, wives of Greek traders, when he wrote—not long afterward—his Epistle to the Thessalonians.

Unconverted Jews led the rabble against Paul. They knocked down the door of Jason's house, but failed to find Paul. Therefore they dragged Jason before the magistrates.

"Those who have turned the world upside down have come hither also," they said, adding that Jason had taken the disturbers into his house.

It was clever. The Roman magistrates were forced to act promptly. They forced Jason to give bonds to keep the peace. Paul immediately left the city, and not by sunlight. He knew what penalty would be imposed on his kinsman if he stayed. The brethren sent him and his followers away by night to Berea, where he instantly went into the synagogue of the Jews.

"These were more noble than those in Thessalonica," says Luke. "They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily (to find out) whether those things were so. Therefore, many of them believed. Also of honorable women which were Greeks, and of (their men), not a few."

He was interrupted in this work by Jews

from Thessalonica. They followed him, and stirred up the mob against him. He went to Athens. The converts at Berea insisted on saving him by stratagem, and carried him to Athens.

His greatest address was made there.

§2

Athens was unspoiled in beauty when Paul spoke on Mars Hill. Turkish cannon had not yet made a wreck of the Parthenon. Plunderers of all kinds had not carried off the statues and ornaments from the Acropolis. So thick were the statues that Petronius said it was easier to meet a god at Athens than a man. There were busts of the heroic Athenians, and paintings of scenes from the great wars of times past. Romans ruled the city, but Romans had not yet formed the habit of taking her most beautiful works of art to Rome.

Paul's spirits rose, as they always did in a great community. He spent much time in the synagogue, not "disputing" with the Jews and their guests, but conversing with them. The word has been mistranslated. Paul also went into the market-place, and talked with people he met. "For all the Athenians and strangers

which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to bear some new thing." The philosophers of Athens lectured in the market-place. Paul joined them. Some called him a "seed-picker," after the bird that follows a sower's footsteps in a field.

Others—who originally lectured from a stoa, or porch, and so were called Stoics—were more seriously interested. "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods," they said. They invited him to explain his views before the Court of Areopagus, the same Court which long before had tried Socrates and condemned him for the same offense. No cup of hemlock waited for Paul if he failed. But it was in every respect the most critical moment in his intellectual career. For the first time, he was meeting his match. These listeners were cultivated, scholarly, sophisticated. The methods which had been so dramatic in the synagogues of sleepy Asiatic towns would be altogether ineffective here.

He needed to begin quietly, and with humor. There have been a hundred efforts to translate his speech from Luke's Greek. One word can not be caught in English. King James's scholars came as near it as possible. Their version

is "superstitious." But Paul did not mean blind or fanatical superstition—he was not accusing these men of being fond of signs and omens, of patronizing fortune-tellers. "You are god-lovers," he said. "You are devoted to religions *of all kinds.* You are wholesale worshipers." The precise phrase is impossible in modern English, but on that hill covered with altars and images, it rang true.

For a moment, possibly, before he began his speech Paul's thoughts went back to Stephen. Stephen had been converted to Judaism, and through Judaism to Christ. Stephen had stood before an alien Court, and had failed woefully to impress it. He had been long and tiring. At the end, he had lost his temper. They stoned him. Paul was before an alien Court. He was in no physical danger at the moment. But if he fatigued them or irritated them, he would be lost.

"I have been a Hebrew to the Hebrews," he thought, "and a Gentile to the Gentiles. Here in Athens, I will be a Philosopher to the Philosophers."

He drew a breath and began. . . .

Remembering Stephen's unsuccess, he was brief.

An Unsuccessful Sermon

(Stephen's long, tedious defense before the Sanhedrin. At the end of it, he was stoned.)

Men, brethren and fathers, hearken: The God of Glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said to him: "Get thee out of my country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee."

Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran. and from thence, when his father was dead, they removed them into this land where ye now dwell. And he gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on: yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child. And God spake on this wise: "That his seed should sojourn in a strange land; and that they should bring them into bondage, and entreat them evil four hundred years and the nation to whom they shall be in bondage will I judge," said God: "and after that shall they come forth, and serve me in this place."

And he gave him the covenant of circumcision: and so Abraham begat Isaac, and circumcised him the eighth day; and Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat the twelve Patriarchs and the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt: but God was with him and delivered him out of all his afflictions, and gave him favour and wisdom in the sight of Pharaoh king of Egypt; and he made him governor over Egypt and all his house.

Now there came a dearth over all the land of Egypt and Chanaan, and great affliction: and our fathers found no sustenance. But when Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt, he sent out our fathers first and at the second time Joseph was made known to his brethren; and Joseph's kindred was made known unto Pharaoh.

Then sent Joseph, and called his father Jacob to him, and all his kindred, three-score and fifteen souls. So Jacob went down into Egypt, and died, he, and our fathers, and were carried over into Sychem, and laid in the sepulchre that Abraham bought for a sum of money of the sons of Emmor, the father of Sychem.

But, when the time of the promise drew nigh, which God had sworn to Abraham, the people grew and multiplied in Egypt, till another king arose, which knew not Joseph. The same dealt subtilely with our kindred, and evil entreated our fathers, so that they cast out their young children, to the end they might not live.

In which time Moses was born, and was exceeding fair, and nourished up in his father's house three months: and when he was cast out, Pharaoh's daughter took him up, and nourished him for her own son. And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds. And when he was full forty years old, it came into his heart to visit his brethren the children of Israel.

And seeing one of them suffer wrong, he defended him, and avenged him that was oppressed, and smote the Egyptian, for he supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them; but they understood not. And the next day he shewed himself unto them as they strove, and would have set them at one again, saying, "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye do wrong one to another?"

But he that did his neighbour wrong thrust him away, saying, "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us? Wilt thou kill me, as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?"

Then fled Moses at this saying, and was a stranger in the land of Madian, where he begat two sons. And when forty years were expired, there appeared to him in the wilderness of Mount Sina an angel of the Lord in a flame of fire in a bush. When Moses saw it, he wondered at the sight: and as he drew near to behold it, the voice of the Lord came unto him saying, "I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Then Moses trembled, and durst not behold.

Then said the Lord to him, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet: for the place where thou standest is holy ground. I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt, and I have heard their groaning, and am come down to deliver them. And now come, I will send thee into Egypt."

This Moses whom they refused, saying, "Who made thee a ruler and a judge?" the same did God send to be a ruler and a deliverer by the hand of the angel which appeared to him in the bush. He brought them out, after that he had shewed wonders and signs in the land of Egypt, and in the Red Sea, and in the wilderness forty years.

This is that Moses, which said unto the children of Israel, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear."

This is he, that was in the church in the wilderness with the angel which spake to him in the Mount Sina, and with our fathers, who received the lively oracles to give unto us: to whom our fathers would not obey, but thrust him from them, and in their hearts turned back again into Egypt, saying unto Aaron, "Make us gods to go before us: for as for this Moses, which brought us out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him."

And they made a calf in those days, and offered sacrifice unto the idol, and rejoiced in the works of their own hands.

Then God turned, and gave them up to worship the host of heaven; "as it is written in the book of the prophets, O ye house of Israel, have ye offered to me slain beasts and sacrifices by the space of forty years in the wilderness? Yea, yet took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of your god Remphan, figures which ye made to worship them: and I will carry you away beyond Babylon."

Our fathers had the tabernacle of witness in the wilderness, as he had appointed, speaking unto Moses, that he should make it according to the fashion that he had seen. Which also our fathers that came after brought in with Jesus into the possession of the Gentiles, whom God drave out before the face of our fathers, unto the days of David; who found favour before God, and desired to find a tabernacle for the God of Jacob.

But Solomon built him a house. Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me?" saith the Lord: "or what is the place of my rest? Hath not my hand made all these things?"

"Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist in Holy Ghost: as our fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers, who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it."

A Successful Sermon

(Paul's speech on Mars Hill, Athens. At the end of it he was invited to speak again.)

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious for as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us.

For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, "For we are also his offspring." Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

Perhaps the two preceding pages may suggest why so many men play golf on Sunday mornings, and why so many other people go motoring instead of to church. Many preachers prefer to be prolix with Stephen, rather than short with Paul. But Paul was not short of ideas. His speech is packed with them. Clever as they were, Paul's hearers had all they could do to keep up with the surging tide of his thought.

A skilful beginning; a brief description of the nature and power of God, and of man's relation to God—"for *in* Him we live and move and have our being;"—a threat; a promise, a crashing surprise.

That, in very bare outline, is the Speech on Mars Hill, the most famous and most effective speech in history. The surprise at its end was not the same surprise Paul used in synagogues. There he concluded with the statement that the Jewish prophecies had been fulfilled and that Jesus was the Messiah. On Mars Hill he ended with a bold declaration of resurrection from the dead.

The effect of the speech was precisely what the effect of its final idea has been on audiences ever since. Some refused to take it seriously. But others said: "We will hear thee again of

this matter." Two of these are mentioned by name. One was Dionysus, a member of the Court. Another was a woman named Damaris.

§3

How many is "some"? Because "some mocked," nine-tenths of the commentators leap to the conclusion that Paul went away from Mars Hill in a hurricane of laughter. They overlook the rest of the sentence: "And others said: 'We will hear thee again.' "

That is the kindest thing an orator ever hears. Many speakers never hear it at all; they remain happily unaware all their lives that an audience often applauds the fact that a lecture is finished, and not the lecture itself. Paul went away from Mars Hill in triumph. He went with Dionysus "and a woman named Damaris." Others are mentioned, but not by name. They clave to him, and believed, says Luke.

From that point until the end (which in Luke's hands is no end at all, but only a delightful suggestion of a happy ending) Paul's career was one long tumult. Luke gives it in considerable detail; Paul himself, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, tells it in great sweeping strokes, more laconically and picturesquely:

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh on me daily: the care of all the churches."

What other autobiography is as brief and vivid? The climax is interesting. Paul had discovered that the way of an organizer is hard—especially an organizer of faith. His people did not stand fast in the simple faith he taught them. His epistles were nearly all written in moments of intense exasperation. He was always friendly in them, usually courteous, and sometimes gentle and affectionate.

Luke never mentions them at all. But for the fact that thirteen of them have come down, in the form of more or less garbled copies, nobody could guess that Paul wrote any letters at all. They are arranged in the New Testament

not in chronological order, but in what the compilers considered to be "the order of their importance." The effect, if one reads them through in the present arrangement, is that Paul's mind grew steadily more immature as he wrote. One day's editing of the ancient manuscripts by Paul himself would have done more to clarify many Christian ideals than all the millions of sermons and essays that have been written by other hands. But Paul never did that editing. Men of his temperament are the most incapable editors of all.

He dictated his epistles, telling his different secretaries to go back and add fresh ideas, in parenthesis, whenever these occurred to him. He started sentences that never finish. He quoted things which the secretaries did not know were quotations, so that they wrote them gravely down as if they were part of Paul's own belief—even when they most violently disagree with his fixed ideas. He never seems to have read a letter over when it was transcribed; he merely scrawled his signature on it. He had no idea that he was establishing permanent doctrines for men to squabble over for centuries, for twenty centuries. . . . He was writing topical, temporary letters to friends who as a rule had seriously disappointed him.

None the less, Paul's epistles are almost exactly one quarter of the New Testament, measured by volume. They give, and always have given, infinite material to preachers, poets and philosophers. Not one ordinary American gets through a single day of his life without quoting from them—usually, like Paul's secretaries, in complete innocence of the fact that it is a quotation. May we give, at random, a few phrases coined by Paul?

Wise in your own conceit
God forbid
Faith, hope and charity
Labor in vain
Flesh and blood
Old wives' fables
Filthy lucre
Fear and trembling
The wages of sin
Childish things
Celestial bodies
A cheerful giver
Unto the pure, all things are pure
Decently and in order
Vengeance is mine
Twinkling of an eye
Fight the good fight

The list would fill pages of this book. There has never been such a coiner of household words; never a man who could condense thought so sharply into words.

§4

He went hurrying on. After Athens, Corinth. After Corinth, Jerusalem. Another trip through Antioch to the hinterland. Ephesus. Philippi again—and Luke makes no mention of

Lydia, except by indirection. Troy, Mitylene, Samos. It is fatiguing merely to read the names of the places as Luke sets them down. On a map of the Mediterranean you can trace his course with red ink, till you have made such loops and whorls through Syria and Asia Minor and the Ægean Islands and Greece that your head reels. But his longest journey was still to come. He had not yet seen Rome. And after Rome? Spain and Gaul? Britain? Nobody knows. Persistent legends have come down the years.

At Corinth he made friends with a Jewish couple, Aquila and Priscilla, and lived in their house. He paid for his lodging. They were of his trade, and "he wrought." He went to the synagogue every Sabbath and reasoned. Reasoned is Luke's word. He "persuaded the Jews and the Greeks." Certain Jews opposed him. "Your blood be upon your own heads," he said, quoting the roar of the mob at Jerusalem. "From henceforth I WILL GO TO THE GENTILES." He went to Ephesus and immediately entered its synagogue; he was so successful that the Jews begged him to remain with them. Impossible. He hurried away on the road to Jerusalem. He was collecting alms for the Jewish poor. The story moves like lightning. Those admiring

friends at Lystra could have seen the winged sandals on his feet.

But there are a few sharply etched portraits. There is Gallio, brother of Seneca. Gallio was proconsul of Achaia. Paul was brought before him.

> All day long to the judgment-seat
> The crazed Provincials drew—
> All day long at the ruler's feet
> Howled for the blood of the Jew.

Gallio yawned. He cared for none of these things. He made a neat little disclaimer of all interest. There was a scuffle in front of him when he waved Paul away; some Greeks were beating Sosthenes, Paul's chief accuser. Gallio continued to yawn.

There was Apollos, a Jew who had followed John the Baptist. He preached, at Ephesus, John's doctrine that the Messiah was still to come. Aquila and Priscilla gave him lodging, and converted him. At Corinth, he was thought very superior in taste and eloquence to Paul. He remained for a long time in Paul's thoughts; later, he was one of Paul's best assistants in Crete.

There was a young man—another of Luke's brilliantly described young men. This one, named Eutychus, was a Trojan. Paul, accord-

ing to Luke, started preaching after supper and "continued his speech until midnight." By this time, the young man had fallen into a deep sleep. He fell out of the window. Paul hurried down and found him uninjured, only stunned. "His life is in him," said Paul, and continued to talk—if not to preach—until break of day.

There was, of course, the great riot at Ephesus, when a silversmith named Demetrius, who made "silver shrines" of the great goddess Diana to sell to pilgrims, made the following appeal to the craftsmen:

"Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover ye see and hear that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands. So that not only this our craft is in danger but——"

They heard him. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" they shouted. The mob took up the cry. They howled it at the top of their lungs for two hours; and if not so long, "for about the space of two hours," notes Luke. Paul was restrained by the disciples. He wanted to rush into that mob. They held him firmly. Some of his friends in high places urged him not to "adventure himself."

He left Ephesus after the uproar had ceased. He was bent on going to Jerusalem again. He was warned against it, by the Elders of his Church. He made them a superb farewell. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." They still implored him. "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus," answered Paul; "how he said: *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

No other Apostle or disciple of Christ heard those words and reported them. It is practically the only time that Paul ever quotes his Lord's words. But these are the words which, more than any others, have gripped the imagination of the world.

§5

The most curious incident in Luke's story happened after that. Luke tells how the company sailed from Troy without Paul. They rounded the point of land, intending to take him aboard at Assos; "for so he had appointed, minding himself to go on foot." It is a walk of twenty miles—hardly five or six hours—across that wind-swept point. Who knows why Paul walked alone?

Scholars say gravely that he needed those

hours for solitude, in which to ponder on what lay ahead. It may be so. But across the Hellespont lay Thrace, and in Thrace lived Lydia, seller of purple. There were boatmen who could have ferried her over. There may have been—there must have been—a farewell.

Paul received a warm welcome at Jerusalem. He presented the money he had collected from his loyal churches. James and the Elders were delighted. Doubtful of Paul's reception by orthodox Jews, they suggested a stratagem that would convince even the most doubtful that he was a regular observer of the Law. Their proposal was that he should take four poor men and pay their expenses while they fulfilled a vow at the Temple. "Take them and purify thyself with them," ordered James, "that all may know thou walkest orderly and keepest the law."

There were four members of the Church—the Church so full of Judaism—who had become ceremonially defiled, and had therefore assumed the Nazirite vow. Paul looked at them, and agreed. It meant that he would have to buy sixteen sacrificial animals, he-lambs and ewe-lambs without blemish; it meant that he would have to live with these poor men for a week, and watch their hair cut off and burned in the fire under the cauldron in which the meat offerings bubbled.

It meant a great deal of the formalism in which he had been schooled, and against which he had rebelled. But this was the custom of the Christians at Jerusalem. He would give in to it. James advised it. In fact, James commanded it. James was Paul's superior in the Christian organization of the moment. James was the kinsman of Jesus, when Jesus was in Galilee.

Jews from Asia recognized Paul in the Temple. "Men of Israel, help!" they cried. "This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place."

They brought quick, false charges against him. They said he had polluted the Holy Place, the inner enclosure, by bringing into it a Gentile, one Trophimus of Ephesus. Instantly he was mobbed. Not until a guard of Roman soldiers, stationed in Antonia's Tower, broke up the crowd was he temporarily safe from being beaten to death. The soldiers led him up the stairs of the tower. "May I speak to thee?" he asked the chief captain.

Even then, the infuriated Jews reached for him, and the soldiers had to lift him high above their clutching hands.

"May I speak to thee?" he asked.

"Canst thou speak Greek?" replied the captain, in surprise. "Art thou not that Egyptian,

which before these days made an uproar and led out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers?"

Antonius Felix, the procurator, had put down this revolt. Paul was not pleased to be taken for its leader. The murderers—they might better be called assassins—were zealots pledged to war to the death against Rome. Paul shook his head.

"I am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia; a citizen of no mean city. I beseech thee, suffer me to speak to the people."

Receiving permission, he made his defense from the stairs.

He told where he came from, and how he had been educated at the feet of Gamaliel—"in the perfect manner of the Law of the Fathers." He told how he had persecuted The Way. He told of his Vision on the Damascus road; and how the Lord said to him: "Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

They howled at him then, casting off their clothes and throwing dust into the air.

But they could not touch him. The captain took him into the tower and prepared to examine him. A whip was produced. He was strapped to a post. A centurion strolled by, and stood to watch the ordeal.

"Is it lawful," asked Paul desperately, "for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?"

The officer started. He turned to the chief captain, whose name was Lysias. Something passed between them.

"Art thou a Roman?" Lysias asked Paul.

"Yes."

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom."

"But I," said Paul, "was free born."

They untied him, at that. They kept him over night. In the morning, they commanded the Sanhedrin to convene, and set him down in front of it. He began his argument, fixing them with his eye. The High Priest, taking offense at a preliminary remark about "good conscience," ordered the Court attendants to strike him on the mouth. Paul flared out at him, and then apologized. It is possible that he did not recognize the High Priest. Volumes have been written on this point, to prove that Paul was nearly blind from ophthalmia. Perhaps he was only too angry to see.

He apologized. He would need all his wits. Yesterday, on the stairs, he had described Stephen's martyrdom to the mob. He had used the word martyr. He had no intention of being martyred himself. He looked at the Court and

perceived that one part were Sadducees and the other Pharisees. That word "perceived" should mean something to those who think he could not distinguish a High Priest, clad in his white robes.

He perceived. And he knew how to split the Court. "I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee," he said. "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question."

That divided them. Pharisees in the Court took up his cause; the debate grew so warm that the Court adjourned to attack the prisoner, or defend him. Lysias interfered and took him back to safety. Next day he sent him, under heavy military guard, to Cæsarea. The Guard would be needed. Forty or more of his enemies had sworn not to eat or drink till they had killed him.

His nephew discovered the plot. When he carried the information to Lysias, that officer detailed two hundred infantry and seventy cavalry to escort the prisoner.

Antonius Felix read the very short, very military letter delivered to him by the cavalry troop commander:

"Claudius Lysias to His Excellency, the Governor Felix," it said in effect. "This prisoner was taken by the Jews. They were on the

point of killing him. I took him out of their hands upon learning he was a Roman citizen. I presented him to their Council and ascertained that he was charged with infractions of the Jewish law, but with no offense worthy of death or imprisonment. Having received information that a plot has been formed against his life, I send him to you and have instructed his accusers to bring their charges before you. Farewell."

Felix frowned, and muttered something about the extreme willingness of soldiers to refer all trouble to higher authority. He looked at Paul. "Are you under my jurisdiction?" he asked.

"I am of Cilicia," said Paul.

Felix frowned, but he was no Gallio drowsing the long hot days away. Seneca once wrote of his brother Gallio that he was "the sweetest person alive." He was too sweet, too gentle, too judicially impartial to care if litigants tore each other to pieces provided they only did it outside his Court. If he had realized that the case he was trying was vital to Rome, to the world, a great decision would have made him the most famous Roman of his century. He had a sugary mind. He yawned the chance away.

Felix was sterner stuff, the same stuff which Solomon in all his wisdom could never understand. "A slave when he reigneth" could

baffle the wisest of men. Felix had been a slave. His brother Pallas had become the favorite of Claudius. Pallas had given Felix this extraordinary promotion; it was the first time a freedman had ever held a viceroy's rank. Tacitus characterized him in one sharp sentence: "He exercised the authority of a king with the spirit of a slave."

Dangerous, this slave-viceroy with his royal wife, Drusilla. She was Herod Agrippa's sister; a princess of a wily line. She had divorced a petty king to marry Felix. He had divorced a granddaughter of Antony and Cleopatra to marry her. It was his third venture. Up in the world, up from a wife who could not gratify his ambition to a wife who could. They were a cruel pair. They had a short way with revolutionists. *Sicarii*—gangsters armed with daggers—were cheap and plentiful. If any Jew held his head too high, Felix had him stabbed. Jonathan, an ex-High Priest, met death that way. It brought assassination into vogue. Smaller seditionists were easily removed by the swords of the soldiers; after the unsuccessful revolt of "that Egyptian" for whom Paul was mistaken, four hundred men were butchered on the Mount of Olives as a warning.

Felix looked at Paul.

"I will try you," he said, "when your accusers arrive."

The trial took place five days later. Tertullus, a special pleader, stated the case for orthodoxy.

"We have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout all the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes. He hath also gone about to profane the Temple——"

Felix grinned evilly, and the lawyer hastily shifted from the long explanation he was about to give of this pollution.

"*We* took him," he concluded, "and would have judged him according to *our* law, but the chief captain, Lysias, came upon us, and with great violence took him out of our hands."

He invited Felix to take the evidence of the witnesses who stood around. He said that Lysias had ordered them to come to Cæsarea for that purpose.

But Felix nodded to Paul.

Paul made a brief denial of all charges. He had not raised up the people to revolt. He had not polluted the Temple. He had come to Jerusalem to distribute funds raised in the rich seaports of Greece for famine sufferers among his people.

Felix looked up sharply at that.

"Funds," he thought. "In this pauper province. Funds from Greece. This man looks as if he had money hidden somewhere."

Paul implied at once that he had distributed the offerings; he saw the evil gleam in that red-puffed eye.

"I confess," he said, "that after The Way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the Law and the Prophets. . . . Let these same witnesses here say if they have found any evil in me, while I stood before the Council, except——"

He paused.

"—for *this* one thing," the great voice rang challengingly through the hall, "that I cried standing among them: 'Touching the resurrection of the dead, I am called in question by you this day.'"

§6

Felix nodded to the lictors, and they led Paul back to his cell. Felix wanted to see Lysias. Why had not the military man said something about the funds? The funds from Greece. Why had Lysias sent Paul to him without mentioning the fact that Paul had money hidden

away? And more, where it came from? Felix had heard of Paul, and of the sect of the Nazarenes. They were turning the world upside down, especially in the big wealthy ports. And Paul was the ringleader. He must be extremely rich. That thick-headed Lysias had not looked into the matter, except possibly with a whip.

"Did he flog you?" he may have asked Paul.

"He thought of it," Paul answered, "but—I am a citizen of Rome."

Felix pursued the point, keeping Paul under very light guard. *Libera custodia* was the term for it; freedom to move around, to see his friends, to see the viceroy himself. Felix went away for a time, and returned with his wife. They were curious about Paul. They invited him to speak about his faith. They hoped that he would speak about his organization, his methods of raising money in rich Antioch, in prosperous Philippi and Thessalonica.

"He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," notes Luke, who took no notes of that address for the very good reason that it was not an address, but a conversation. One does not lecture to a viceroy in the privacy of his lodge. It may have been after dinner. The guest may have been invited to recline. Felix was no lover of lectures, and his quick,

coarse mind was not stirred by oratory. He was a practical man.

Paul shook him to his heels. "Felix trembled," says Luke—such an unexpected result that it has been the subject of innumerable pictures. William Hogarth drew the worst of them. His blunt Saxon intelligence never grasped the fact that Paul was exaggerating when he called himself base and common in appearance. Hogarth drew a malformed dwarf, pot-bellied and huge-nosed, with monstrous hands and bare feet—exactly the sort of low comedian who would *not* have been mistaken by a priest of Olympus for a god come to earth.

Paul would have laughed at that portrait. He had no vanity. It would have been something to show to intimate friends. To Titus. To Timothy. To that excellent proconsul of Crete, Sergius Paulus, the first convert of all.

But Felix did not laugh when Paul talked with him. He trembled. He was extremely superstitious. He could not grasp much more than that it was dangerous to oppose Paul's God. That he grasped. He laid aside his idea that he too might examine Paul with a whip and make him disgorge. He kept him, in feather-light captivity, for two years.

They were good for Paul. He was past sixty,

and tired—more tired than he knew. "I keep under (dominate) my body and bring it into subjection," he wrote; but few men ever need to call on such reserves of physical strength as did Paul. He dictated letters to his churches, and told the secretaries to destroy them. It would not do to let Felix's spies realize that he was such a great ringleader after all. Again and again he told the viceroy he was poor—a working man, a man who had given up all thought of prosperity, of running a large workshop, and who eked out a bare living with his own hands.

"Your friends have money, plenty of it," Felix would say. "Surely they will send something here for you—something which I can distribute to my own dear poor."

He was as coarse as that; a Roman who was not above asking a Roman prisoner for a bribe. A big, handsome bribe; not merely the earnings from looms that wove goats' wool, but a royal gift from a thousand churches of devout Greek traders; a viceroy's bribe.

Paul had to make him tremble often. Paul had a little money, but no great amount.

At last Agrippina poisoned her unhappy husband, and Nero mounted the throne. It was all over with Pallas and Felix. Felix was recalled to face charges at Rome. A better man

followed him. It was not difficult for the attractive, popular young emperor to find a better man. Nero had not gone to pieces yet. He sent Festus to Syria.

Festus found the prisoner on his hands; he refused a request from Jerusalem for Paul, and tried him all over again at Cæsarea. Again the accusations were not proved.

"Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me?" he asked Paul.

It was a civil request. Paul answered it without pause.

"I am a Roman citizen," he said, in effect. "I deny the jurisdiction of a Jewish Court, over a case concerning treason to Rome. *Appello Cæsarem.* I APPEAL TO CÆSAR."

Festus was pleased. That would dispose of the prisoner without hurting sensitive feelings at Jerusalem. "Hast thou appealed to Cæsar?" he said. "To Cæsar shalt thou go."

There was an astonishing scene before a ship sailed. Herod Agrippa, king of Judea, came with his wife Bernice to salute Festus. It was like a durbar—a maharajah and his wife being entertained by a viceroy. Paul was produced to entertain the company. Herod Agrippa was not only a shrewd politician but a man schooled

in Hebrew law. It would interest him to see a man who so greatly shocked the theologians, Festus knew. He was civil to the puppet king. "I have no certain thing to write of him to my lord [Nero]," he said to Herod. He asked for Herod's expert opinion, so he could have something to write to Rome about Paul.

The Jewish king was flattered. "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself," he said to Paul.

Then Paul stretched out his hand, and delivered his address. It is the most personal of all his speeches, and by far the longest. He did not expect to make converts by it; he was indulging himself, almost forgetting to "save the hearer's attention." He began with a compliment to Herod.

"I think myself happy, King Agrippa . . . especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions concerning the Jews. Wherefore, I beseech thee to hear me patiently. . . . And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God to our forefathers . . . for which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

He told about his experience on the Damascus road. He told about his travels. He told how

the Jews in the Temple had caught him and tried to kill him. He ended after twenty minutes—a long speech for him—with the statement that Moses had prophesied the coming, the death and the resurrection of Christ.

It was too much for Festus. He broke in, with a laugh. "Paul, thou art beside thyself," he said. "Much learning hath made thee mad."

Paul shook his head. "The king knoweth these things," he replied. He looked sharply at Herod Agrippa. "*This* thing was not done in a corner," he said. "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know thou believest."

Herod Agrippa made a remark which will never fade from human memory.

"Almost," he said, "thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

He went out with his wife, and with Festus. They talked among themselves, but there were many people in the room with them. Luke overheard the monarch say to his overlord:

"This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed to Cæsar."

CHAPTER TEN

Typhoon

§1

There are three writers of sea stories. People who know the sea, people who don't, and Joseph Conrad. Luke is in the first class. If he were not so cramped for space in the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts, where he tells the most famous shipwreck story in the world in less than thirteen hundred words, he would rank in class three.

His terms are always exact and seamanlike. Sailors approve of him. The vast majority of writers of sea stories are laughed at by men who follow the sea. The captain of an English steamer once told me never to trust that excellent writer, Frank Bullen, because there is a gross blunder in the *Cruise of the Cachalot.* It appeared that Mr. Bullen has somewhere described the *Cachalot* as running before the wind, out of a port into which the wind blows steadily at that time of year.

I suggested that it could have been a slip of pen.

"Hmph," snorted the Englishman, "sailors all

over the world have observed that slip of the pen! Bullen doesn't know the sea. Hmph!"

The English skipper had served his apprenticeship fifty years ago on sailing ships. He admitted that Luke is sailorly. "One of those Greeks with a lot of experience at sea," he grunted. "I have sailed with many of them. Smart men!"

Like Joseph Conrad, Luke makes no slips. In his Gospel he tells the story, which Matthew and Mark also tell, of Christ stilling the tempest on the Sea of Galilee. It is only a large lake full of the muddy waters of the Jordan. But Luke treats his nautical terms with respect, and makes Matthew and Mark look like the landlubbers they were.

"There *arose* a great tempest," says Matthew. "There *arose* a great storm of wind," says Mark.

Luke has looked at the lake; he knows how squalls blow on lakes.

"There *came down* a storm of wind," says he.

You will find this difference not only in the translation but in the original Greek. You will also find Luke using the word for "shoved off," a sea term that has wormed its way into modern slang, but which is as old as Tyre and Carthage, as old as triremes. We "shove off" now in automobiles; we shove off when we start to go any-

where; but one doesn't really shove off except with an oar, against the shore or a dock.

Luke's translators have done him no good by twisting this picturesque old term into "launched forth." Both Mark and Matthew speak of "a great calm." Luke knows enough not to improve on sea terms. "There was a calm," says he. That says everything. Water is calm, or not.

But the matchless twenty-seventh chapter of Acts gives Luke his great chance for a straightforward sea story. He takes the chance superbly; and the fifty-four scholars who prepared the King James Version must have consulted some salt water man before they printed their book. James Smith, F.R.S., was a well-known British yachtsman of a hundred years ago. He spent years in the Mediterranean, tracing Paul's voyage from port to port, and looking up every known reference to those waters and ancient navigation in the British Museum and the records of the Admiralty. He says:

"No man could by any possibility attain a complete command of nautical knowledge who had not spent a considerable portion of life at sea. . . . Luke was an accurate observer. The reader may give an incredulous smile at the idea of working the dead reckoning of a ship from

Luke's facts, yet I have done so and the result is nearer than I could have expected, had it been the log-book of a modern ship."

§2

Julius, Centurion of the Augustan Cohort, was placed in charge of prisoners for Rome, including Paul and two companions, Luke himself and Aristarchus. Probably they went with Paul as servants, not as fellow prisoners. Paul had money, as we know. He could afford to pay the passage of these two men.

What Julius thought of Paul at the start of the voyage is not mentioned. But the little ship ran from Cæsarea to Sidon, sixty-seven miles, on the first day, and there Julius gave shore leave to his prisoners. Charm and honesty had done their work. One of Luke's few adverbs tells the whole story. "And Julius *courteously* entreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself."

There was a perfect opportunity for escape in the byways of the great trading port of Phœnicia. Sidon was standing when Homer wrote the *Iliad,* and Herodotus calls its sailors the best in the world. It was one of the few great cities that Jesus ever visited. It was near Sidon, according to Mark's Gospel, that he called

the Syrophœnician woman a dog. This is incredibly bad reporting! One of the blunderers in his company made that gross remark. The woman turned to Jesus and said, "The dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." And he cured her daughter of neurasthenia; the kind of cure that strong confident men are making in such numbers, in this more neurotic day.

Those on whom Paul called, while the little ship lay at Tyre, must have known of this episode, and of many like it. They were no strangers to him. He had been in Sidon before. He could have hidden there with friends, until a better chance came for going to Rome. But the man who had gone back into the mob at Lystra, went back to Julius and his ruffians in uniform.

Julius had destiny before him, too; he was later promoted to Prefect of the Prætorian Guard. The ship put to sea past Cyprus and put in at Myra, a city near the modern Adalia. This was a voyage of perhaps five hundred miles, because it was necessary to beat all the way around Cyprus, on account of head winds.

That ended the little ship's voyage, and Julius transferred his prisoners to one of the big Alexandrian freighters, bound for Rome. There

were a thousand miles still to sail, and it was growing late in the year, the wrong season to sail in the Mediterranean. There were two hundred and seventy-six passengers and crew on board.

§3

Imagine a wooden hull, not much smaller than that of *U. S. S. Constitution,* "Old Ironsides," but sharpened at both ends. The pole mast stood amidships, and raked aft. On this was hoisted a mainyard, probably one hundred fifty feet long, made of two tree trunks lashed together at their butts. From this heavy yard spread an enormous mainsail, made of coarse cloth and with no boom at the foot. Small masts were stepped in the bow and stern, and on these smaller square sails could be set. The bow and stern posts rose high above the deck and were decorated with the head of the Egyptian ibis, or some other bird. This decoration, called the cheniscus, was sometimes made of gold.

The ship was flush-decked, with large projecting galleries at the bow and stern. Capstans were placed at both ends. Being double-ended, the ship could be anchored either bow or stern to the wind. There was no rudder. Two enor-

mous steering oars passed through large ports at the stern, and were controlled by tackles on deck.

All these details are clear enough from pictures of ships on ancient coins. The Alexandria corn-ships were the clippers of the day. Like American clippers, they carried large crews, so that sail could be handled in heavy weather. They made fast passages. Some of the ancient records include three days from Carthage to Rome, seven hundred miles; seven days from Cadiz to Ostia, one thousand two hundred miles; and nine days from Puteoli to Alexandria, eight hundred fifty miles. Before the wind, with the great square sail drawing, and topsails rigged on all three masts, these ships were fully as fast as anything up to the time of the *Cutty Sark* and the *Flying Cloud.* Cato once frightened the Roman Senate out of whatever wits a Senate has, by showing a bunch of fresh figs. "These," he said, "were gathered at Carthage, three days ago—so near is the enemy to our walls!"

An eye was painted on the bow of these ships, on the good Chinese principle of "No have eye, how can see?" The Levantines who handled them were keen sailors, not timid coasters who poked from port to port. They had no compasses, of course, and only the crudest instruments for estimating the speed of the ship, since

all time-pieces of the day depended on gravity in one form or another; or were sun-dials. It was hard to work out one's dead reckoning by a water clock, especially in a storm. But they drove the ships hard. The great mainyard put tremendous strain on the mast, and the ships were apt to leak badly—no excellent thing for a cargo of grain. They used sweeps in calms, and they cracked on sail when the wind was fair. Anything to make port quickly with a cargo which, as one Greek observer remarked, was big enough to feed all Attica, for a year.

Paul's clipper put out from Myra, and "sailed slowly many days" in a succession of light head winds that made the skipper tack southward, "under Crete." The big sail could not be trimmed flat enough to allow the ship to sail within seven, or even eight points of the wind; the best clippers of the past century sailed within five points; and a modern sloop, like the *Vanitie,* will sail closer still. But "many days" went by before Paul's ship reached the island of Crete, not far from Myra, and anchored in a roadstead called the "Fairhavens." Paul advised remaining there for the winter, the season of typhoons. His advice was not accepted. It says something for Julius, and for the skipper of the ship, that they listened to him at all. The centurion knew that

Paul had sailed for many years on these seas, but, says Luke, "He believed the master and the owner of the ship more than the things which were spoken by Paul." The masters and the owners were eager to get into Phenice, a harbor in Crete only twenty miles from the Fairhavens. They waited for a gentle south wind, weighed anchor, and were struck by an offshore squall, the typhoon which Luke calls Euroclydon.

The ship was driven twenty-three miles out of her course and then gained a patch of lee under the small island of Clauda. The sailors took in the long boat, which had been towing and was full of water. "We had much work to come by the boat," says Luke, suggesting that passengers and their servants gave a hand when it was finally hoisted on deck.

The ship was badly sprung, and the sailors undergirded or "frapped" the hull, winding great cables around it amidships. These "helps," as Luke correctly calls them, were provided for just this emergency. Then they hove to, made everything as snug as possible, and waited for the storm to blow itself out.

So much for seamanship. It was doing all it could do. The rest would be largely luck and chance. A day later, finding themselves far from any help, they jettisoned some of the cargo.

Three days after that, they lightened the ship still more by throwing over "the tackling"—extra spars carried on deck, and perhaps deck-houses too. And when "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Luke's thrifty style deserts him, at this moment. "No small tempest" is a tremendous piece of emphasis for him.

Paul was human. He waited for a lull, and said, "I told you so."

He stood in the midst of them, according to Luke, and made one of the human remarks of his life. "Sirs," he began, "ye should have hearkened unto me, and not loosed from Crete, than to have gained this harm and loss."

Julius listened. The prisoner was beginning to dominate that blunt Roman mind.

"Keep your hearts up," Paul said, in effect. "I have had one of my visions. We shall lose no lives, only the ship."

On the fourteenth night of the storm, having drifted five hundred and ninety-five miles east, they were still hove-to. The lookouts heard breakers under their lees. They sounded and found twenty fathoms. The water shoaled rapidly. At fifteen fathoms they anchored the ship by the stern, running four cables through

the steering ports. The four anchors held, but "they wished for day."

The gale moderated a little before dawn, enough to give the crew confidence that they could launch the boat and get ashore in it. The creaking of the ancient davits roused Paul. He gave the alarm to Julius and his men. We can hear his words:

"They say they are launching the boat to help in anchoring this ship by the head," said Paul. "A ship can not be moored from both ends at once, in a storm. She will roll over, or part all the cables. The crew is abandoning the ship. Unless they stay by the ship, you can not be saved."

Julius barked a command. Two legionaries drew their swords and cut the falls. The boat disappeared into the howling murk. They were anchored in shoal water on an unknown shore. It was not yet daylight. Crew and soldiers faced each other angrily; but Julius had enough men to keep the upper hand. One well-drilled man was a match for a dozen Levantine sailors. Perhaps the owner had contemplated leaving the ship. Perhaps the skipper had thought of the same thing. Nobody knows how old is the tradition that a captain must stay with his vessel, until passengers and crew are safe.

But he was captain no longer. Paul had taken command of the ship.

At daybreak, standing on the gallery, he issued orders. He did not make an appeal. Luke, always courtly, suggested that Paul "prayed" the crew and passengers to eat something. But if it was a supplication, it was a strange one to come from a prisoner who had already proved that he knew more than any one else aboard. He urged them to eat.

"This is for your health. And there shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

So saying he took a loaf of bread and thanked God for it in the presence of them all. He broke it, and ate, and they plucked up their courage and followed his example.

Food does wonders in time of despair. The sailors hoisted out the rest of the cargo. The captain could not identify the shore, but he saw a creek where he thought the ship could be beached. The anchors were weighed, the steering oars run out, and sail was made. Luke says that they gave her the mainsail. It was possible, even though the mainyard had been thrown overboard. Any bag of a sail would do for the few hundred yards that were still to be sailed. And, "falling into a place where the two seas met," they ran the ship aground. The forepart stuck fast but

the after part was broken with the violence of the waves.

"Kill the prisoners," suggested one of Julius's men. "Kill the prisoners, for some of them may swim ashore and escape."

Julius shook his head. He had no intention of killing his luck. "Can any of you men swim?" he asked. Some of them nodded. "Overboard," came the command. "Get to shore and report to me on the beach."

The others were given boards and pieces of wreckage on which to float themselves through the breakers. They all came safely to land.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Road to Rome

§1

They were on the island of Malta, five hundred and fifty miles from the Fairhavens. It was a long way to have drifted; as far as from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras. The storm had blown them some good, however. They were now within easy reach of Rome.

The islanders were "barbarous" people—Luke's way of saying they were not Greeks. They showed no little kindness to the castaways building a camp-fire. It was cold and raining hard. Paul knew all about making fire in the rain. A snake crawled out of the brushwood he gathered, and bit his hand.

There are no venemous snakes on Malta. Dozens of interested readers of Luke's story have satisfied themselves as to that. Nevertheless the islanders accepted the snake as an omen—Paul must be a felon, who had escaped the sea only to meet another fate. He shook off the beast into the fire, says Luke. And "they looked where he should have swollen, or fallen

down dead suddenly; but after they had looked a long time and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds and said that he was a god."

He smiled. He was broken in health. He was growing old. All over his body he carried the scars of those Jewish floggings, those beatings with Roman rods. He had been through two weeks of cold and storm at sea. He had swum ashore through the surf. But it must have been agreeable to find these beach-combers making the same mistake that Jupiter's priest had made so long before.

The governor of Malta, a Roman named Publius, put an end to these naïve scenes on the beach. He threw his home open to the refugees. Luke does not say if the craven crew and the Roman military guard were invited. "He received *us*, and lodged *us* three days courteously." Perhaps the centurion was included; it would be pleasant to Luke to see him saluting a man who outranked him. Luke says nothing about that. Rather proudly, he describes one last "miracle."

Publius's father lay sick with dysentery. Paul laid his hands on him and healed him; Luke gives Paul all the credit for that cure. Afterward, Paul meaningly referred to Luke as "the beloved physician." Miracles were in demand in those days; one could not write a story

about a saint without insisting on them. The saint prayed. The doctor may have suggested to the nurses that water would be more wholesome than wine, and that a low diet would help. One way of keeping up the spirits of a rich patient, in those days, was to keep him gorged and intoxicated. . . .

"So when this was done," remarks Luke, "others also which had diseases in the island came and were healed; who also honored us with many honors, and when we departed they laded us with such things as were necessary. And after three months we departed on a ship of Alexandria."

This clipper's name was the *Castor and Pollux.* She ran north before a favorable wind; touched at Syracuse, in Sicily; passed between Scylla and Charybdis in the Strait of Messina; and discharged her passengers and cargo at Puteoli, only two or three days' march to Rome. Some of the brethren were there; Paul stayed with them seven days, and then started with his guard north over the Appian Way. He was much depressed as the end of his great journey came, but some other Christians came to meet him at a placed called the Three Taverns, and he took courage.

It is easy to know what had depressed him.

§2

Not fear of his fate at Cæsar's hands. The young emperor, Nero, had not yet fiddled while Rome burned. His accession to the throne had pleased every one, on the principle that any change from the idiotic Claudius would be for the better. There were ugly stories about Nero. But his character had not yet crystallized. When young Henry VIII mounted the throne of England, he was hailed as the picture of all English virtues—he was brave, chivalrous, well-spoken, devoted to sports and games. The idea that he could develop into a bloated old blackguard, sinister and treacherous and lazy, never crossed any one's mind. So with Nero. If Paul heard anything about Nero, on that march to Rome, it must have been that the boy emperor was ambitious, able, artistic—a combination of all the talents.

The Court of Nero would not condemn a man who was so well able to meet civilized men on their own ground; who had started his ministry by converting the highest official in Cyprus; who had charmed so many other Roman soldiers and governors; and who had been acquitted of any capital crime by the provincial courts.

Paul thought over his work, as he came near

to Rome. What had his work amounted to? How far had the glorious Vision on the Damascus road been justified by results? He had rushed out to lead his race from bondage into freedom. He had felt like another Moses; a younger, more civilized Moses. He had suddenly discovered the futility of trying to please God by the faithful performance of rules. He had split every hair of dogma, as a boy. Suddenly he threw away his handful of split hairs, and hurried to the Jews with a message which could transform them into happy, popular citizens of the world. Everything had been in his favor. He had been such a great success among his own people, as a young man. He had sat in their highest court, the Sanhedrin. He had given strong evidence of ability; he had been the most efficient persecutor of the faith he afterward believed, and wanted them to believe.

And he *had* converted many of them. Whatever that scribbler, Luke, might have noted down—whatever Luke's furious prejudice against Jews might impel him to say when he sat down and expanded his notes into a formal narrative—Paul knew that thousands of Jews had been impressed. He squared his shoulders, and felt his shirt rubbing against the heavy scars on his back. Who gave him those scars? Jews.

Those Jews whom he could not convert. Those Jews who regarded him as the deadliest of traitors to their traditions, to their most sacred thought. They had lost their temper with him. They had stoned him, whipped him, stirred up the scum of the market-place against him. And he had lost his temper with them; he had raged against them, he had flung himself out of their presence with the scornful remark that henceforth he would go to the Gentiles. He had atoned for that scornfulness. He had continued to work among Jews, as well as Gentiles. He thought of a bit of self-characterization he had once put in a letter: "I am all things to all men."

§3

Those letters! One accomplishes something with circular letters, but how much? It had been unfair to think of Luke as a scribbler; Paul himself had dictated so many more words than would ever fall from the stylus of that laconic writing man. Luke had told his whole story of the life of Jesus in less than twenty-four thousand words. Paul had taken more than half as many in a single letter—the Epistle to the Romans. And how many other letters had he dictated? How many hundreds of thousands of

words had he sent to those tiny, earnest, struggling little churches in Galatia, and among the great cities of the seacoast of Asia Minor, and of Greece?

He could not remember.

He could only remember the circumstances in which some of the letters had been written.

There was that letter to Salonica, which appears in modern Bibles as the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Thessalonians. Paul remembered that. It had been written only eight years before he came to Rome; but how much he had changed—how much his mind had grown—in the interval! He wrote it to them from Corinth. Those splendid companions, Silas and Timothy, were with him when he wrote it. It was such a friendly, innocent, warm-hearted little letter, bursting with compliments. Barnabas himself would have approved it; Barnabas who knew that people's minds are not moved in a day. Paul remembered a great deal of what he had said to those Salonicans—women they were, as well as men, and what women! They were not meek, drudging Jewesses, sitting in silence on their side of the screen in the synagogue. They were rich, well-born Greek ladies. He had used a great deal of blarney.

"We need not to speak of religious matters

to *you,"* he had said, "for from you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place. You turned from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from Heaven whom he raised from the dead."

Yes, he had said that, or something like it. What else had he said? He had boasted a little about himself, but very charmingly. "We came to you with our backs bleeding from the whips at Philippi," he had written, glancing at Silas who had borne that beating, too. "But we did not sponge on your hospitality; we worked at our trade night and day. You were dear to us. *And"*—he remembered the charm and tact of one sentence—*"when you received the word of God which you heard from us, you received it not as the word of men."*

He had given them excellent moral advice, as good as Moses at his best—better, indeed. He knew that people like the reasons for things. He told them why to avoid uncleanness, why to be honest in business, why to be grateful for their prosperity; he coined a phrase which is the charter of modern science: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

And what good had it all done them? Out of it all what had they taken in? Only the sugges-

tion that Jesus Christ was coming back soon to judge them. They had believed *that.* Every time there was a thunderstorm at Salonica, they were frightened out of their wits. It was the Day of Doom.

He had been obliged to write them again, very soon. He had been obliged to say that he could not predict the exact day and hour of the Second Coming. He had been obliged—and as he thought of it, he bit his lip again—to drag out of antique Hebrew theology a prophetic myth to satisfy them. He had invented Antichrist. The second Psalm, written by King David a thousand years before, had prophesied that heathen kings would rage against God, and that God would first laugh and then send his Son to break them with a rod of iron. Paul's teachers in the college at Jerusalem had told him this prophecy had been an enormous comfort to the Jews through their vicissitudes, especially when Pompey the Great captured Jerusalem, massacred twelve thousand Jews, and strode into the Holy of Holies in his field boots. The Messiah had not come to break Pompey on that occasion; but Pompey was a portent. Paul meditated on the second Psalm, and finally invented Antichrist—some future conqueror who would combine the worst features of Belshazzar, Pompey and

Claudius—to comfort the devout ladies of Salonica, and keep them from being so frightened by red sunsets, slight earthquake tremors and thunderstorms. When Antichrist finally appeared, he told them, then Jesus would come down from Heaven with his mighty angels, and "take vengeance in flaming fire."

Paul had convinced himself, as imaginative writers—whether poets or prophets—always *do* convince themselves, by the force of his own imagination. He believed in this absurd bogy when he invented him. But he did not believe in him long. And if some one had told him, as he trudged along the Appian Way, that for nineteen centuries many other idiots than the ladies of Salonica would believe in Antichrist, and would positively identify him with all sorts of unpleasant personages from Attila to Lenin, Paul would have blushed as red as his scars.

§4

All his early epistles were experimental. He realized it as he walked. There was that series of letters to the converts at Corinth. There was a huge Temple of Venus at Corinth. It was as vulgar and dirty a town as he had ever entered, even if it was also the scene of those interesting amateur sports, the Corinthian Games.

He had enjoyed the games. They had colored his whole style. He had dropped Hebrew methods of speech very largely—those phrases from the prophets which had seemed so smooth and perfect to him, when he was at college. He enjoyed writing about "pressing to the mark," and about athletes' sensations like "agony." That word comes from the Greek wrestling mat. It was never intended to describe the sufferings of men in mental or spiritual anguish.

There are dozens and dozens of sporting phrases through Paul's letters. His translators were not sportsmen, and they were working under the eye of a strait-laced Scottish king, who forbade football throughout his realm. Boys sighed for the easy days of Queen Elizabeth after King James brought his doctrines into merry England. King James's men knew how their monarch would have disliked a saint who swung his turban and cheered at wrestling matches, at foot races. In his last epistle of all, to Timothy, he wrote: "I have wrestled my best; I have finished my race; I have kept the faith."

Timothy would understand that. He would grin as he read it, remembering those afternoons at the games. But the reverend gentlemen who sat down in the Middle Ages to translate it into

English did not understand. Wrestling was a low sport for fair-grounds. They promptly embellished it into: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Paul could not foresee, as he walked to Rome, what later standards of good taste would do to him. It is a little as if, nineteen centuries from now, some worthy gentleman should take a bundle of letters written by any great organizer of our day. Shall we suggest Cecil Rhodes, for instance?

"He speaks of *money!*" this future embellisher might say. "How coarse, how vulgar of the men of the twentieth century to use such a word. I shall immediately change it into *symbols*—or would *tokens* be more refined? And he speaks of feeling sick! How common of him! I shall say that he felt improperly adjusted to his environment."

Something of that sort has happened to Paul.

He could be very outspoken indeed.

Those who care for an example of bitter, stinging and robust repartee can find it, if they wish, in chapter five of Galatians. Those small-town bigots had badgered him just a shade too far, concerning circumcision. *"I would they were even cut off which trouble you!"* he flung out at them. He remembered the mutilated

priests of Diana of Ephesus. Paul's secretary smiled as he wrote down that sentence; King James's men, and William Tyndale before them, made it look as refined as it can.

§5

He thought about his letters, as he strode down the Appian Way. The mills of Cæsar's justice would grind slowly, he knew. There would be time to write many more letters, even if the worst came to the worst. The church at Ephesus needed a letter, and a stiff one. The people were led astray by Alexandrian philosophers, who believed that God was surrounded by a great cloud of djinns, known as "principalities," and "powers," and "chiefs," and "rulers," and "eons."

Some of the Alexandrians retired into the desert, and tried to outwit these djinns by becoming hermits.

Others, and these were dangerous to Paul, taught that sin doesn't exist if you close your eyes to it—that matter is so very far from God that such expressions of matter as lust and greed are but the shadow of a dream. Paul's common sense stirred. Whatever else men might believe, he could not let them sink into dozing in-

difference to the sort of sin that can really blight their souls.

He reviewed his conception of sin. He recalled the fiery words he had written about it, to these same people who had been so hospitable to him at Puteoli.

"The wages of sin is death."

Strong words. The people had not understood them at all. During the two years that had passed since they had received the Epistle to the Romans, they had kept on committing their small, normal, every-day sins—and they had *not* died.

It was impossible to make them understand the theological significance of sin. Paul wrestled with them. At last they got it dimly through their heads that he had been using a figure of speech. Words like "election" and "justification" have a meaning, when you are a graduate of a theological college, dictating a letter more or less at your ease to an equally well-trained secretary. Like all great men, Paul could see into the future a little; but it is safe to say that he could not foresee John Calvin.

Paul did not know that, centuries later, men would found a rigid faith on his Epistles, any more than he knew that devout Christians would some day try to frighten their sons out of cig-

arette smoking by quoting his writings about "sin." He did not know that texts from his letters would be used as arguments on both sides of a controversy about the sale of liquor, in a country he never heard about. He did not know that his letters were going to live, and be chopped up into small texts, and used to prove anything that almost any religious leader or religious charlatan wanted to prove.

He thought of his letters—if, indeed, he thought of them at all—as mere temporary outpourings to his friends. His friends were often mistaken. It seemed that his letters left them, often, more mistaken still. No matter how clearly he tried to explain complicated things on paper, he could not make them simple to simple minds.

Consider personal immortality. Once, at the beginning of his travels, he had been sure that nobody was going to die and be buried. The Second Coming of the Messiah was at hand. He was coming to take awful vengeance on his enemies. The years passed. Paul stopped preaching the doctrine which had so alarmed his converts. He saw that all must die, and that death is not the end of the spirit.

He took infinite pains to explain what he meant. He began with an appeal to knowledge of the soil, of the growth of plants.

"That which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die. . . . Thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain; it may chance, of wheat or of some other grain. . . ."

He swept on from there to say that man has a natural body *and* a spiritual body; and that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God.

Did the people in the struggling church of Corinth read this whole great passage through? Or did they hastily conclude that Paul had promised them a personal resurrection? What he promised is so much more superb that even now, after nineteen centuries of study of his words, their true beauty has not dawned on the world.

"The earlier Hebrews had little or no conception of immortality," writes Dr. Lyman Abbot. "The later Hebrews had substantially the same conception as that of the Greeks—a vague, ill-defined notion of a dark underworld, a Sheol or Hades, where the dead maintained a disembodied and inpalpable existence. The Pharisees in Paul's time generally expected for the devout a resurrection from Sheol simultaneously with the advent of the Messiah, and this was probably Paul's early view.

"Christ taught his disciples a different faith; he told them that this world was not the only dwelling place of life, that in his Father's house,

the universe, were many dwelling places, that he was going to his Father, and that they should come to dwell with him and with his Father, and share his glory; that his disciples could be kept in no underworld, that whoever lived and believed in him could not die but should live a continuous and unbroken life. . . .

"Paul passed gradually from his Pharisaic to his later Christian conception of death and resurrection, as we all pass from the cruder to the higher and more spiritual conceptions of life . . . and this fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians marks his new faith in the continuity of the spiritual life, and its independence of all physical conditions."

Luke makes it clear that Paul was depressed, on the Appian Way. At the Three Taverns he took courage. Friends from Rome met him. They were metropolitan people. They surely told him that his work was known, that his writings were appreciated. Perhaps they quoted favorite passages. They could not quote texts, for texts had not yet been invented. But they might remember paragraphs, or groups of paragraphs, in which the Apostle soared superbly into the kind of metrical prose that sticks forever in an appreciative mind.

"Who shall separate us from the love of

Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

Or the great hymn to Faith, Hope and Charity. Or the less well-known, and altogether cool and practical rules for success in the Roman world—or the modern world. Many a man who thinks himself abused, unrewarded for his efforts, unappreciated by his superiors, might measure himself against these rules.

"Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith. Or ministry, let us wait on (attend to) our ministering. Or he that teaches, on teaching. Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation.

"He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity. He that ruleth, with diligence. He that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

"Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil. Cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord. Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

"Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

"Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath. For it is written: Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.

"Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him. If he thirst, give him drink. For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Not counsels of perfection; merely Paul's idea of what a really intelligent man can do, and must do, if he aspires to happiness and good fortune in the world. His advice is not easy to take. But if a man actually lives up to it, his associates insist on promoting him to the highest place in

their gift. Abraham Lincoln is one example. Looking around him at the most successful men he knows, the reader can discover a great many more.

Paul was one. It was the fashion, for years, to end his story with a purely traditional and imaginary martyrdom. There is not the slightest historical basis for it.

He reached Rome.

Three days later, he called the chief men of the Jews together, and told them briefly why he had been brought to Rome. "I was delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans," he said, "who, when they had examined me would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar."

They asked him to state his opinions. He did so, on a later day, before a large crowd. Luke is Luke to the very end. "And *some* believed the things which were spoken, and *some* believed not."

They went away from his lodging, "and had great reasoning among themselves."

Luke ends his story with a delightful picture of Paul's prosperity:

"And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own

hired house, and received all that came in unto him; preaching the kingdom of God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

So the book ends.

§6

Luke knew where to stop. Few other biographers have been so wise. Nothing is more irritating to childish minds than an unfinished story. "*Then* what happened?" asks a little boy, when his weary parent has told him the longest story he can. "*Then* what happened? Go on!"

No sooner was Luke's book in general circulation than all sorts of people tried to write logical endings to it.

Saint Chrysostom, golden-tongued preacher of the second century, says that Paul met a beautiful concubine of Nero's, converted her, and was instantly put to death by the infuriated tyrant.

Nearly every other version of the old hero's fate is just as improbable. But Paul throws light on his adventures in Rome in two letters he wrote during that period to Timothy.

They are very simple letters indeed. German scholarship repudiated them, for a long time, be-

cause they *are* so simple. Paul would have been mad if he had made them complicated. They are scarcely "religious" at all. He tells Timothy—who was still rather young—how to choose bishops and deacons for the young churches. It is interesting to note that he imposes no doctrinal qualifications. He does not direct the young churches (or Timothy) to ask candidates if they are high churchmen, or broad churchmen. He is not even concerned with getting great preachers. What he insists on are sobriety, discretion, order, hospitality, good ability in teaching and good nature; together with an honorable reputation outside the church. He wants a man "that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity, for if a man knows not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?"

This amusing and astute question might well dispel all doubts concerning Paul's authorship of the letters to Timothy. They are full of characteristic touches.

He is a little afraid that Timothy is growing over-interested in money. He tells him, not that money is the root of all evil, but that the love of money is the root of all evil—a very different thing.

He borrows many more phrases from the race course at Corinth, the arena at Ephesus. "If a man strive for the mastery, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully." Speaking of sportsmanship reminds him of something. Has he been quite fair to hot-headed John Mark, the boy who left him in the lurch at Perga so long ago?

He does not, as Luke did before him, refer to Barnabas's nephew by his first name alone. "Take *Mark* and bring him with me," he writes, "for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

He sends his love to Priscilla and her husband Aquila, in that order; he was always chivalrous to the women who were kind to him. As Timothy well knew, Paul's long letter to the Romans had been full of the names of women he knew. Phœbe, "a succourer of many, and of myself also"—Priscilla again—Mary, "who bestowed much labor on us"—Tryphena and Tryphosa—"the beloved Persis."

It is strange, perhaps, that Paul's editors allowed these names to stand through all the incessant copying of his manuscript, until at last John Wycliffe, and William Tyndale after him, and then the Fifty-four Scholars of King James put our English version through the printing press. For it was always conventional to think

of Paul as a man who swung around great circles in the Mediterranean countries, denouncing women at every turn. Woman's arch-enemy! The hater and baiter of the entire feminine sex.

He was nothing of the sort of course. And somehow, the fact that in his second letter to Timothy he wrote "Prisca" instead of Priscilla sounds like an affectionate nickname fluttering down the centuries, from behind the austere barriers of Bible type.

In that second letter to Timothy he says that he "is ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand." Every one, from men who lived a generation after him down to men of our day, has leaped to the conclusion that he was waiting—probably in the Mamertine prison—for Nero's headsman. He does not say so, himself; and if it had been true, he was the last man in the world to refrain from mentioning it, in very precise terms.

What he says is quite different.

"At my first answer (trial) no man stood with me, but all men forsook me; I pray God that it may not be left to their charge. Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me and strengthened me, that the preaching might be fully known and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the lion's mouth. And the Lord

shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom."

That is one bit of evidence, not commonly studied in the universal desire to prove that Paul went meekly to a martyr's doom. Another occurs in the same letter. *"Luke is with me,"* he says. One refuses to believe, knowing Luke, that he would have ended his book just where he did, if he could have added certain paragraphs about an execution . . . and certain comments on the Jews who were primarily responsible for it.

There is one more crumb of evidence. In a letter written by Paul from Rome to the Phillipians he says, quite casually, that he is making converts *"in the palace."* It is the most characteristic thing he could have said. The men who would soon evict the slipping Boy Emperor with their swords were not men to kill the Apostle who led them to the truth.

He was always at his best in palaces.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A Hero's Fate

§1

Why must the Bible, and its type, be always so austere?

It has taken its tone less from its authors, and chief characters, than from the men who put it in English.

William Tyndale, who did all the original spade-work, the heaviest part of the labor, made a curious impression on his patron "Humfrey Mummoth, an Alderman of London," because "he liued like a goode Prieste; hee would eat but sodden meate, nor drink but small single beere; hee was neuer seene in that house to wear lynnen about him, al the space of his being there."

Wearying, no doubt, of this excellent but unattractive guest, Humphrey Monmouth gave him ten pounds to go away and finish his translation in Hamburg. It was banned by the bishops, whereupon copies were smuggled to England and sold at enormous prices. After many other editions had been prepared—and after poor Tyndale had been burned alive for his

rashness—a great group of bishops and scholars sat down to finish the work, in 1604.

Those who worked on the New Testament were:

Thomas Ravis, Dean of Christ Church
George Abbot, Master of University College
Richard Edes, Chaplain to James I
Giles Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester
Sir Henry Savile, Provost of Eton
John Perin, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford
John Harmer, Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford
William Barlow, Bishop of Rochester
Ralph Hutchinson, President of St. John's College
John Spenser, President of Corpus Christi College
Roger Fenton, Vicar of Chigwell
Michael Rabbett, Rector of St. Vedast Foster
Thomas Sanderson, Rector of All Hallows the Great
William Dukins, Fellow of Trinity College

They were extremely good Greek scholars.

They knew good English when they saw it. They lived in the age of Shakespeare, of Francis Bacon, of Raleigh, of Marlowe. It may not have occurred to them that the play-writing actor from the Globe Theatre would be a good man to have around when they met. On the other hand, it may! There are passages in their work—especially Luke's story of the Manger at Bethlehem, Matthew's report of the Sermon on the Mount, and Paul's poem on Faith, Hope and Charity—that suggest to the lover of great English that the greatest writer of English may have been not too far from that editorial room.

They worked slowly. They replied, in response to requests for more speed, that they had not "hudled" the work into a few days, but had done it with "all convenient slackness." This meant that they took pains. They did not disdain, they said, to bring back to the anvil those parts which had already been hammered.

When they had done their best, individually, they sat around a room with French, Spanish, Greek and Latin Bibles in their hands. The man with the best voice among them read the manuscript aloud. They stopped him at intervals, and made corrections—not merely in the sense, but in the sound of the words. John Selden, no mean writer himself, was present at one of those readings. They gave the King James Version that marvelous melody which the modern Revised Version so dreadfully lacks. And which William Tyndale, and his numerous followers in translating the Bible, had lacked too.

Tyndale says that Paul dwelt two years in Rome, preaching "wyth all confidence, unforboden." He makes a gallant but thoroughly unpoetical effort to render Paul's poem on Faith, Hope and Charity, translating the last sentence as follows:

"Now we se in a glasse eve in a darkespeaking, but then shall we se face to face. Now I knowe

unperfectlye, but then shall I knowe eve as I am knowe. Now abideth fayth, hope and loue, eve these thre: but the chiefe of these is loue."

Having retranslated that into something as full of melody as the most splendid of Shakespeare's or of Homer's verse, they made two well-meaning but terrific mistakes. They allowed the epistles to be arranged, not in order of time but of "importance"; and they allowed each of Tyndale's long, logical paragraphs to be chopped up into short bits, or "verses," with numbers attached. There was precedent. A very handsome Bible printed in Queen Elizabeth's time by Robert Barker had done this thing. It was conventional abroad. It helped clergymen to "find a text" for Sunday's sermon. It helped close students to "compare" one Bible writer with another—to discover all sorts of incongruities, all sorts of similarities. Which may be worth while, to students.

It was a natural thing for men who were accustomed to reading aloud to do. That Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Savile, could stare down at his docile audience of frightened small boys, and compel them to be quiet while he boomed out passages of the Scriptures. Those professors and rectors and college presidents were in much the same position. They were not

issuing a Bible to be read by ordinary people. They were making a Bible to be read aloud to them. So they let the numerals stand. They degraded the beautiful old manuscript pages of heavy black lettering (which Tyndale's printers had carefully imitated) into the strange, desiccated mass of short "verses" which makes our modern Bibles look so peculiar, and so antique.

Says Bernard Shaw: "To-day the Bible is so little read that it is quite easy to find cultivated people who have never read the New Testament."

How much these "cultivated people" lose is possibly a matter of opinion. In such professions as the law, or engineering, or literature, they surely lose earning power. One of the leaders of the New York bar said to me a few years ago that it is no longer possible to feel sure that young graduates of the law schools can write "briefs" in terse accurate English.

"In my boyhood," he said, "all boys were accustomed to hear the Bible read aloud at home. Unconsciously, they founded their styles on it. Now this habit is dead in American families; and I haven't been able to go into court for years without laboriously going over the brief prepared by one of my young men and translating it into good English. Often I have to call in the

young man and find out what he intended to say. This is one reason why we do not pay young law clerks more than a pittance. I want to give a prize that will encourage boys to read the Bible in school, if not at home. Would one thousand dollars a year be interesting? I will make the examination hard enough to be sure they have read the book. No, I am not concerned with the effect on their souls. I simply want to make them acquainted with English at its best."

He gave his prize to a certain boarding school, and by no means all its boys care to compete for it. The supply of law clerks who can use English well will not be greatly increased. What is the reason for modern ignorance of the Bible? Why do young people decline to read it?

Surely the reason is that we have outgrown its strange typographical arrangement. This is fatal to the reader who wants to read for pleasure. The Bible is not primarily a book of familiar texts. It is partly history, partly poetry, and partly speeches and letters. Even if we regard some of its history as mere allegory or fiction, no writing is improved by being chopped up into short numbered sentences, most of which begin with the weak words "For," "But," "Wherefore," or "And."

Consider what the same preposterous arrangement will do to any other piece of writing. Hamlet's soliloquy will not stand it. Neither will Abraham Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. Rather than take liberties with the most beautiful things, let us try another piece of seventeenth century English, set up in Bible style:

GOING to bed betimes last night we waked betimes:
2 And from our people being forced to take the key to go out and find a candle, *I was* very angry;
3 And began to find fault with my wife for not commanding her servants as she ought; thereupon she giving me some cross answer I did strike her over the left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out;
4 And was in great pain.
5 But yet her spirit was such as *to* endeavor to bite and scratch me;
6 But I coying with her made her leave crying; and sent for butter and parsley, and friends presently with one another: and I up, vexed at my heart for what *I had* done.
7 For she was forced to lay a poultice to her eye all day: and it is black and all the people of the house observed it.

No author in the Bible has suffered more from this Bible typography than Paul.

§2

One may consider, for instance, what he really thought and said about women. Luke has depicted him visiting Lydia; charming Damaris on Mars Hill at Athens; visiting Eunice and making her son Timothy into his permanent friend and companion. But——

It is possible to go through the epistles, overlooking all the affectionate messages to women in every part of the world, and select isolated

"texts" which make Paul seem a sour misogynist—a man who mortally hated and despised every woman in the world.

In March, 1558, the purest Puritan who ever lived sat down at a table in Dieppe and wrote:

The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women

He had been a Roman Catholic priest, trained in the faith which above all others sanctifies and glorifies women; the faith from which all chivalry flows. But at forty he revolted from that faith; and now the particular objects of his spleen were Mary Tudor, Queen of England, and Mary of Guise, Queen of France.

He did not yet know what a monster had sprung from the second Mary's loins. John Knox would have fallen into an ague if he had guessed that Mary Queen of Scots was ever coming to Edinburgh. Her mother, a widow ruling a kingdom, was stench enough in his nostrils; and poor, bloodless "Bloody Mary" of England was more of a horror still.

His skinny forefinger ran down the page until he found just what he wanted. After all, the great and good John Calvin had demonstrated that the Bible always contains just what you

want. Any anti-feminist, loathing all women in high position, can find holy bombs and to spare in Saint Paul.

"Man is woman's head," quoted John Knox—and shut his Bible. Better shut the Bible quickly, when you have found the very text you need to prove something. The next text may explode your argument into smithereens. "Man is woman's head." John Knox licked his lips. "But," he wrote, "who would not judge that body to be a monster where is no head eminent above the rest, but the eyes are in the hands, the tongue and mouth in the belly, and the ears in the feet?"

And so on; on and on. He called Mary Tudor our modern Jezebel. He longed to pattern himself on the pious Jehu, who caused her to be thrown into the street and eaten by dogs. He looked up that other very unpleasant Bible Queen, Athaliah, and compared Mary with her. He proved—and again Saint Paul came to his aid—that men are steady and respectable, women are wanton and mad. All the stock arguments flowed from his pen. Man can control his appetites, woman is slave to hers. Woman is fickle and giddy.

"Saint Paul doth reason," wrote the godly John, "that man is not of the woman, but woman

of the man. But most plainly speaketh he in writing the Sixteenth Chapitre of Saint Paul to the Romaines, in these words: *'Salute Rufus and his mother.'* For this cause (saith Ambrose) did the Apostle place Rufus before his mother for the election of the administration of the grace of God, in which woman has no place."

He warmed up, after that; his vituperation becomes so bitter that it is useless to quote him. A good man, writing a good book!

As his latest and canniest biographer, Edwin Muir, has taken some pains to point out, John Knox was not really good. His traducers used to say that he was much too interested in girls. They never proved the point; they couldn't, because it was false. His love-life was centered on his mother-in-law. He conducted an extraordinary correspondence with his mother-in-law. The old lady and old gentleman, as Mr. Muir says, conducted on paper "a pious competition in wickedness."

At one time old Mrs. Richard Bowes wrote him: "Alas wicked women that I am, my body is far wrong, for the self-same sins that reigned in Sodom and Gomorrah reign in me."

To which exciting revelation the godly John replied: "Mother, my duty compels me to advertise ye that in comparing your sins with the

sins of Sodom and Gomorrah ye do not well. The cause I take to be ignorance in ye, in that ye know not what the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah were."

He tells her, in exceedingly clear terms. And he can not bear to be outdone by her. He will not let her call him good.

"No," he writes. "I am worse than pen can express. In body you think I am no adulterer. Let be so, but my heart is infected with foul lusts, and will lust albeit I lament never so much. I am no mankiller with my hands, but I help not my needy brother so liberally as I might. I steal not horses nor money from my neighbor, but my worldly sustenance I bestow not so rightly as His holy law requireth. There is no vice repugnant to God's holy will wherewith my heart is not infected. . . ."

Letters like that, conversations like that, are always a safety-valve for a Puritan. John Knox was in "constant disorder" with his young wife, Marjory. He writes to her as "sister"—a pleasantly cool term he takes out of the Bible. "Wife" is too suggestive a word. But with the old lady he could be himself—and he was.

He was, in fact, so very much himself in *The First Blast* that he lost his nerve concerning the serious matter of signing it. He had it printed

anonymously, in Geneva. John Calvin had a very clear idea that women are people, and not saints or monsters. He was horribly embarrassed by John's trumpetings. He fell back on an explanation that seems to have fooled nobody; he admitted that it had been printed in his own theological sanctuary of Geneva, but said he never knew it was on the press. It is a foul and dirty book; but books have a way of resembling their authors, and John Knox was a dirty old man, and a thumping hypocrite besides.

§3

What did Paul really say about women?

The more you read Paul, the surer you become that the John Knoxes of this world should not be allowed to quote "texts" for their purposes. Most of Paul's remarks on the subject of sex are in I Corinthians. He is answering a question; not writing for posterity. He says in effect:

"Some of you have brought up the hedonist theory that 'all things are lawful.' Even if we admit it, all things are not expedient. If all things are lawful for me, I will still not be brought under the power of any. I hold that the body is not for fornication, but for the Lord . . .

"You have had a great scandal. Some of you

are even proud of it. That is shameful. More than shameful, it is inefficient. It is good for a man not to touch a woman; but to avoid license, with its terrific strain on both your spirits and your bodies, every man and woman should be married. Once married, you should make the best of it, and be kind and sympathetic with each other.

"Personally, I do not need this relationship and I wish others were like myself, now that the end of the world is near. But I admit that men are very different one from another. I advise unmarried persons and widows to stay as they are. But if they can not contain themselves, let them marry. For it is better to marry than to burn.

"I believe it is God's will to avoid divorce or separation. But if you do separate, stay separated, or else be reconciled to each other. *Art thou bound to a wife; seek not to be loosed. Art thou loosed from a wife; seek not to be bound again.*"

That is the answer of any man of the world. It is exactly what experienced men say to one another in our time, even without the special circumstances under which Paul dictated it. For he was not writing to a "church" as we know churches. Still less was he writing for that tra-

ditional corporation, the whole Christian Church. His letter was received by a group of poor people; they read it in the glare of approaching doom.

But it is not to the clear common sense of I Corinthians that all the moral reformers have gone in their desperate desire to defame the sex relations. It is not the cool calm advice of a man of the world they seek. John Knox had to look further than Saint Paul for the one great shattering Word to call the nineteen-year old princess who landed on August 8, 1561, in the Firth of Forth.

He found the Word in Paul's neighbor in the New Testament, Saint John. Saint John happened to be writing about Roman empresses of the Messalina sort. No matter. The Word was there. John Knox met his princess, and sat sternly down for a letter to Mrs. Bowes.

"We call her not a——" he began. The New Testament had shut itself, no doubt, for he spelled the Word in good Scottish phonetics. "We call her not a hoor, but she was brought up in the company of wild hoormongers." And later, when he disapproved of her refusal to be obsequious to the world's most pathetic apology for a husband, Henry Darnley, his skinny finger

ran down the print of Ephesians until he found this isolated text:

"Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church."

Unnecessary to quote the context! The context may say—and *does* say—"Husbands love your wives even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it. . . . So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife and they two shall be of one flesh. . . . Let every one of you in particular so love his wife as himself."

No, it is impolitic to quote phrases like these. They are so shattering to one's argument if one is John Knox. Calvin, who was a Frenchman, had dismissed John Knox's Biblical anti-feminism precisely as any modern intelligent Frenchman would dismiss it. Calvin, like Luther, knew a great many women; John Knox knew his nasty old mother-in-law, Mrs. Richard Bowes, of Berwick-on-Tweed.

How much it would have meant to all organized Christianity if the phrase, "He that loveth his wife, loveth himself," had been engraved

where most people could see it, instead of such counsels of perfection as "Thou shall not commit adultery."

Paul knew. He knew more and more clearly, as the great dream of an early Second Coming died in his mind. He knew a good and happy woman when he saw one. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth," he said, in I Timothy. The very important modern cartoonist, Peter Arno, might pin that sentence to his drawing board. He caricatures the great and increasing class of kept women and kept wives. Those fat women in glittering bathtubs, dictating absurd letters to secretaries, or conducting monumentally foolish conversations with dogs, goldfish and canaries, are a type which abounded in Ephesus and Corinth. Hackneyed as Paul's words are, they hit hard:

"We brought nothing into this world," he says, "and it is certain we can carry nothing out. Having goods and raiment, let us be therewith content. They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and enter many foolish and hurtful lusts . . . for the love of money is the root of all evil."

It did not occur to him, and it could never have occurred to an Oriental of his day, that any woman might support herself by work. Lydia,

"seller of purple," was a brilliant exception. Paul did not foresee that women could ever grow rich by taking up men's occupations or special occupations of their own. But he knew women through and through; and with what a delightful burst of common sense does he lay down rules for the charitable rescue of widows. He knows that women will, as a rule, bury their husbands. He says that a man who fails to provide for his own, especially those of his own house, has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.

"Have nothing to do with the younger widows as objects of charity," he says. "It is far better for them to marry again and bear children and keep the house and give no occasion for gossip. Relieve only elderly widows who have been good wives, and brought up children and been hospitable and generous." Out of which uncommonly practical advice those who profit by being woman-haters have extracted one of Paul's typical parentheses. It reads: "For when the younger widows have begun to wax wanton against Christ they will marry; having damnation because they have cast off their first faith. And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not."

That parenthesis was far too handy to the thumb of John Knox. Trust him to find it, and smite young Mary with it; trust Mary to strike back, and entangle herself more and more in the web of old John's arguments. Trust bystanders to divide rapidly into two camps, one party holding, with Knox himself, that Mary was a "hoor"—and the other party holding that she was an abused and frightened and pathetic princess, starving for sympathy and honest guidance under Edinburgh's dark gray skies.

Why is it, we can wonder, that our principal advisers on sex relations are so often men who have made a ghastly failure in sex? Are we never to hear from some good husband and good father, who has never been divorced nor has betrayed a girl who loved him? It would be a refreshing novelty to hear from a man or woman who has made a success in love and marriage. Suppose John Calvin's printer had put a truthful introduction concerning John Knox on the flyleaf of *The Blast.*

> "This author is an apostate Catholic priest, who beats his wife and often regrets that he did not marry her old mother instead."

I have presented John Knox at such length,

not because he is dead, but because he is very much alive. And doing more than his share to drive romance and chivalry out of our land.

§4

Such, sadly enough, has been Paul's fate as a teacher of morals. Only an authority on the history of religion can attempt to discuss his theological fate. It is no part of the purpose of this book to try to state his influence on the faith of the first four centuries, or to suggest what his epistles meant to the early Popes and their councils, or to Luther, Cranmer, Calvin and Wesley.

Some things, however inadequately, may be said on what Paul's faith meant to Paul.

He tried to make religion a spiritual thing, rather than a matter of forms and sacrifices. His little churches had a faith so free from complications that any one—Jew or Gentile, Greek, Roman, Celt, Phrygian, Egyptian, Ethiopian—could come in and be baptized and share in the Supper and throw off the strangling bonds of faiths founded on superstition or fear.

He proclaimed that he had not come to preach Jesus "after the flesh." He knew that men could not live up to that perfect Model. He knew that even the most reverent writers about Jesus, in

the flesh, would fall into the astonishing errors that all biographers must make. He knew, perhaps, that the excessively literal John Mark would present Jesus as a gloomy faith-healer, who seldom met a teacher or lawyer without an insult, and who did not (according to Mark) hesitate to call an unfashionable Greek woman a dog. He knew that Luke, being Greek, would omit this story altogether; and being a physician, would describe cures of dropsy, arthritis, and a sword-cut, which none of the other Gospel authors mentions at all.

It does not matter who actually wrote the Four Gospels—or if the first three are but different editorial versions of the old lost manuscript, "Q." The point is that different writers or editors prepared them. Every biographer sees his hero through his own eyes and measures him in his own mind. Senator Beveridge's *Lincoln* is not John Hay's *Lincoln,* or Doctor Barton's *Lincoln.* No matter how much the facts may be "reconciled," there is no reconciliation of different points of view. John Mark—or somebody like John Mark—wrote the Second Gospel. Luke—or somebody like Luke—wrote the Third. John, or a man of John's point of view, wrote the Fourth. And even if the story was directly inspired by God, no two human hands can paint

exactly the same picture, or command exactly the same words.

To the credit of the original Gospel writers, they believed whole-heartedly that they were presenting, as far as human hands can, the story and the sayings of a Being who was more than human. They did not say, with Tomlinson of Berkeley Square:

> Once have I laughed at the power of love,
> and twice at the grip of the grave,
> And thrice have I patted my God on the head
> that men might call me brave.

They quoted Jesus freely, even though they made appalling mistakes in his words. He never called a woman a dog, because she was an alien, and poor. To think he did, because John Mark—or a man like John Mark—said so is to fall short of all reverence for women, and for Jesus. To Mark, with his proud metropolitan point of view, it was quite natural for Jesus to abuse all those who differed from him either in religion or in race.

But Mark did his best. All the original Gospel writers and editors did their best. Paul had much more education than they had, much more knowledge of the difficulties of writing, and he never dared describe Jesus. He quoted Jesus so infrequently that it is clear he dreaded to quote

at all. He was not one of those small modern men who say: "Jesus did this; Jesus did that; Jesus was a carpenter; Jesus disapproved of divorce; Jesus turned water into wine; Jesus had a beard; Jesus walked around in bare feet; Jesus blasted a tree because it did not bear."

Loathsome as such things sound, they are the sum and substance of most modern books about Jesus. They fascinate little minds. They were a horror to Paul, and they are a horror to every one who in time comes to believe—as Paul did—that religion is a spiritual thing.

His religion was so spiritual, so poetical if we may use that word, that it could not be received without endless elaboration. It was too far from all accepted conceptions of God. It was not merely philosophy. Paul was a poet and a prophet, and he gave the world religion in a strikingly new form.

There were two great streams of religious thought in Paul's day.

1. There was Paganism. This was the religion of simple, primitive people—the word is derived from "country soldiers." Pagans, no matter how civilized they seemed to become as first Greece and then Rome grew prosperous through conquest and trade, always thought of their gods as taking a lively interest in individual

human affairs. Pagan gods needed to be placated. Pagan gods required costly sacrifices. When it became clear to intelligent people that the course of their private lives was not suddenly changed by sacrificing animals or poultry, this ancient faith relapsed into nothingness. The bottom dropped out of it, as Gibbon remarked of the eventual fate of Rome.

2. There was Mosaism. It was originally very simple and very noble—the Covenant, or contract, between God and the people of Moses is found in Exodus, chapters twenty-two, twenty-three and twenty-four. The conception was, that God loves righteousness and that if the people would keep simple, necessary laws—"Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not bear false witness"—God would be satisfied. It grew more complicated. Faiths always grow more complex as they grow old and more and more clever people enjoy adding complications to them. The Hebrew faith grew so terribly complicated at last that it could not satisfy a great original mind, like the mind of Paul.

He turned away from it. He had one shattering Experience. He was not a mystic who invited revelations. At that time he was an extremely practical man, doing practical things. Convinced of the reality and importance of his

Vision, he allowed it to rule his life. He was too honest, too wise, to try to express the Inexpressible, or to pretend that men can look squarely at the Inscrutable. He did not preach Jesus after the flesh.

One great central fact was enough for him. He believed that Jesus had died and risen. "We preach Christ crucified," proclaimed Paul. If he had said, "We preach *Jesus* crucified," it would have meant a very different thing. Paul admitted that he could not see Christ, except in one great, blinding revelation. Lesser men try to see Christ. All they can see is Yeshua Han-nasri—just as did Caiaphas, nineteen centuries ago.

It is the modern fashion in many quarters to present Jesus Christ as a man—a good man, an innocent rustic preacher, a genius who was far ahead of his time, and of our time. Mr. Robert Keable looked long at the Gospels, and at later stories of Jesus, and saw "a little, commonplace man . . . but a spiritual genius of the first order." Mr. Bernard Shaw (and many another recent writer after him) looked and saw "a highly civilized, cultivated man . . . an artist and a Bohemian . . . with extraordinary charm . . . a first rate political economist." Ernest Renan, who really set this strange fashion, persisted at every turn in calling Jesus "a man of genius."

It is, perhaps, very human in these writers—and in all the painters and sculptors who have tried to present Jesus—to endeavor to whittle down a figure of superhuman magnitude into something more nearly our own size. But the emotion we gain from it is a false one. When, in some crisis of body or mind, we call (as the bravest of humanity do call) on the name of Jesus Christ, we are not invoking a man of genius, an artist, a Bohemian, or a first-rate political economist.

Paul kept out of that trap. He remembered what Jesus had said, facing Caiaphas.

"Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" asked the High Priest.

"I am," replied Jesus. "And ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

That answer sent Jesus to the Cross. No impostor could have answered so. If Jesus, as so many modern writers suggest, was self-deceived, his self-deception would have broken down then. But he died unresistingly. He believed that he would rise again.

Paul believed in Christ. As the belief swept over him, it drove out any temptation to preach about Jesus, or to write about Jesus, as a good, estimable, almost perfect *man.* "We preach

Christ," he said. That is what made his sermons so magnetic, so influential. That is why his epistles have helped to mold all the best thought of the modern world. The nature of Paul's matured faith—Paul's final message to humanity—can be summarized. There are thousands of books concerning it. The shortest resumé is by Doctor Abbot:

"*There is a sacrifice.* But it is not a sacrifice which man offers to God; it is a sacrifice which God offers for man.

"*There is an intercession.* But it is not an intercession which man must make to secure the favor of God; it is the intercession which God makes with man to bring his erring child back to him again.

"*There is a priest,* if a priest means one who stands between God and man, to bring man and God together; but this priest comes from God to man in Jesus Christ to reveal the divine love, infinite and eternal, to his blind and erring child, not from man to God to find a mercy hard to be entreated.

"*There is a law of God*—the law of his own infinite and blessed life; the law which we observe, not that we may receive that life, but because we have received it. The earth does not yield its flowers to beseech the shining of the sun; the sun

bathes the winter-clad earth that the gospel may be clad in flowers. This is the gospel of Paul. By God's free gift we are saved; 'not of works; we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works.' "

The most intellectual of American poets has said the same thing in ten lines:

"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us;
We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's booth all things are sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"On Us, and on Our Children"

§1

A group of men sat on the deck of a ship bound for Europe. One was a United States Ambassador to a great country; and one was the most eminent Jewish lawyer in the world.

The talk turned to prejudice.

It came, at last, to prejudice against the Jews. The lawyer spoke last. He spoke as judicially as if he were offering a legal opinion.

"It exists," he said slowly, "because the world remembers our people not as the nation that produced Jews, but the nation that killed him."

A little Jewish boy grew up on Chrystie Street in New York's East Side, not very many years ago. Here are some pages from the autobiography of his boyhood:

"The East Side never forgot Europe. We children heard endless tales of the pogroms. Joey Cohen, who was born in Russia, could himself remember one. The Christians had hammered a nail into his uncle's head, and killed him. When we passed a Christian church we were careful to spit three times; otherwise bad

luck was sure to befall us. We were obsessed by stories of how the Christians love to kidnap Jewish children, to burn a cross on each cheek with a red hot poker. They also cut off children's ears and made a kind of soup . . .

"In my bad dreams during the hot summer nights, dark Christian ogres the size of tenements moved all around me. They sat on my chest and clutched my throat with shiny, remorseless fingers, shrieking 'Jew! Jew! Jew!' . . .

"My mother was pious. She observed all the minute, irritating details of the Jewish orthodoxy, a ritual that affects one's most trivial acts, and complicates life like a bad neurosis . . . My father did not put on the phylacteries each morning, or go to synagogue on Saturday. He attended only on the great holy days. He even smoked on the Sabbath and committed other sins. . . . Just the same, he was a loyal Jew. . . . There was a *mezzuzah* over the door, and he kissed it before going to work in the morning. He fasted on the Day of Atonement, beat his breast, and wept with the congregation. . . .

"I had two pennies. I decided to go to Chinatown and buy some sugar cane. This would be a great adventure. I would see if I were brave. I would go there by way of Mulberry Street. That was the land of the hereditary enemy: the Italian boys lived there.

"I saw two of them rolling an iron hoop down the street. My knees shook. I pretended to

myself I was a spy, and walked along as if I belonged here. . . . Bang! I had been slugged over the head. I turned to see who had hit me. Eight Italian boys with sticks surrounded me. Their eyes gleamed, their faces were cruel. Their leader asked, 'What streeter?' I was confused and made a great tactical blunder. I told the truth. 'Hooray, a Jew, a Jew!' he screamed . . . He slugged me with his stick. The others yelled and joined in the slugging.

"'Christ-killer!' some one yelled. All the boys took up the ancient cry. The mob grew. There must have been fifty boys chasing me now. . . . My ribs were bruised by the sticks, my shirt was slimy with horse-dung and rotten vegetables. . . .

"The East Side has always been a generous garden for professional people. Many careers of splendor and importance have been founded in the misery of a million Jews. Poverty in winter. Who can describe, or even imagine, the collective suffering of a hundred thousand tenements? Thousands of tuberculars and paralytics. A vast anemia and hunger. A world of feebleness, and of stomachs, livers and lungs rotting away. Babies groaning and dying in thousands. . . . Pneumonia, typhoid and influenza ran up and down the icy tenement halls. . . . There was screaming, hysteria, nervous disease.

"The Jews had fled from the European pogroms with prayer, thanksgiving and solemn faith, from a new Egypt into a new Promised

Land. They found awaiting them the sweat-shops. . . . My parents hated all this filth. But it was America; one had to accept it. . . . How often have I seen my mother help families who were evicted because they could not pay rent. She wrapped herself in her old shawl and went begging through the tenements for pennies. But that is an old custom in the East Side. Whenever a family is to be evicted, the neighboring mothers put on their shawls and beg from door to door.

"My mother was opposed to the Italians, Irish, German and every other variety of Christian with whom we were surrounded. 'My eight and eighty black years fall on these *goys!*' she said, her black eyes flashing. 'They live like pigs; they have ruined the world. And they hate and kill Jews. They may seem friendly to our faces, but . . . I know them well. I have seen them in Hungary. . . . When the Messiah comes, he will save the world. He will make everything good. That false Messiah made things only worse. Look at the world. . . .'"*

I have been unfair to Mr. Gold in quoting only these mildest extracts; they give so little of the full terror of his reminiscences. Not enough of the people who most need to read his book will ever see it. Naked truth is seldom the stuff from which best-sellers are made. In con-

*From *Jews without Money*, by Michael Gold, Horace Liveright, Inc., 1930.

trast to the horror of the things he remembers, all the popular war books are but bedtime stories for children.

§2

There are no temperate statements of the position of the poorer Jews in the world. A writer like Mr. Gold can exercise great restraint, but he can not write calmly. The flame of prejudice on both sides rises too high. When a little boy runs sobbing down the streets of a great modern city with the cry of "Christ-killer!" behind him, it suggests that the roar of the mob before Pilate at Jerusalem has not died. Will it ever die?

Paul did his best. He always started in synagogues. There were always some Jews who accepted his doctrines, and who have given their children the advantage of nineteen centuries of absorption into the other great racial streams of the world. The modern world needs more Pauls, and there is only one race that can supply them. Perhaps, even now, some inheritor of that fiery spirit, that dauntless courage, is starting on a tour of the world.

He will find, in exaggerated degree, the same hostility that Paul found at Iconium, at Corinth,

at Ephesus. He will find men who deem it a splendid thing to hold to the faith of their fathers—and not merely of their fathers, but of their great-great-great-one-hundred-times-great-grandfathers, whom Moses led. He will find men who believe that life changes, but the spirit does not change; that God does *not* progress.

He will find men, millions of them, who have no clear-cut faith at all.

But he will find no more happiness, among his own race, than there was in the old Roman days when the nation squirmed under the cynical brutality of a Felix. He will find his people still as much despised as when the Romans sneered at them for selling matches and buying broken glass. He will find that all their history is sad. He will discover that they came to England with William the Conqueror, and that without their financial assistance this much esteemed warrior would have been William the Conquered. He will find they grew so savagely hated that Edward I expelled them from England, and they could only creep back in Cromwell's day. He will find them in the English peerage to-day, but not in the most attractive English society; and that is an anomalous position for a peer.

He will find them facing suspicion and distrust all over America. He will hear strange

things said about them in those parts of America where the seventeenth century is still going on—those curious communities which are antiques. He will discover men who paid some of their few dollars to join the Ku Klux Klan because they wanted to war on "Koons, Kikes and Katholics." But when he goes to the great centers, like New York and Chicago, he will find the bitterest anti-Jewish prejudice of all.

This prejudice is seldom put into print. The things that are said every day, in business offices and clubs and trains and hotels and private homes, seldom get into the metropolitan newspapers. Considering the magnitude of the racial experiment, it is surprising how little real news from Palestine filters through the press. Considering how many people have laughed at *Potash & Perlmutter,* at *Abie's Irish Rose,* and at that venerable comic strip, *Abie the Agent,* it is curious how little really acute discussion of the Jews' problem appears on the stage, or in newspapers. By keeping an eye on the correspondence columns, often so much more alive than their neighbors, the editorial columns, one may find brief letters that say a great deal. Here is one from the New York *Telegram,* January 22, 1930:

"My plaint is in sympathy with that of Miss W——. The city of New York is the metropolis of the world, a center of culture, the last word in modern thought and advancement, where the Jew is accepted in art circles, honored in law centers, looked up to and consulted and admired in the theatrical profession.

"Born in America, of parents of American citizenship, I was raised with scarcely any knowledge of my religion. I have at last become aware that I am a Jewess because for the past two months I have been unable to obtain a position because of my religion.

"B—— K——"

Running back through the files of the same evening newspaper, one finds the letter of Miss W——. She writes:

"A condition exists in New York City which bears a sickening resemblance to the Russia of old. For the past two days I have joined the long army of unemployed. I was taught, back in school, that America is the land of the free and that all people were created equal. If so, please enlighten me as to why the various employment agencies, uptown as well as downtown, are so insistent upon learning what your religion is. Does being a Catholic, Protestant or Jew make one more or less a human being?

"Will someone also please enlighten me as to why as soon as the word Jewish appears on one's application she is told: 'Nothing today, but will

be glad to keep you in mind, etc.' Is it for this that my parents and millions like them left the darkness of Russia so that their children might be given better opportunities?

"E—— W——"

At the last convention of the Council of Jewish Women, their national executive secretary, Mrs. Estelle Sternberger, reported that in New York City ten thousand Jewish girls are unemployed solely because of their faith. In the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* Meyer W. Weisgal says:

"Investigation has shown that hundreds of Jewish girls, having had sad experience over a period of four or six months, finally enter an employment agency and, in answering the query as to faith, say: 'Presbyterian,' 'Lutheran,' or even 'Catholic.' Some girls, whose home training and tradition has been very strict, find it impossible to tell even such a white lie, which may succeed in getting them a job. They try to compromise by writing: 'Unitarian' or 'Ethical Culture.' The managers by this time, however, have become suspicious of an overabundance of Unitarians and Ethical Culturists.

"Every newspaper that carries a want-ad section contains tens and even hundreds of help wanted ads with this legend: 'Only Christians need apply.'

"Why are Jews excluded from jobs and positions? That is a question that nobody seems

able to answer definitely and conclusively. Recently the whole subject was taken up at a conference called by the Federation of Jewish Charities of New York. But nothing tangible resulted from that meeting. Perhaps it is unjust to ascribe all racial disbarment as due to undiluted anti-Semitism. There are many factors involved outside of mere anti-Jewish feeling.

"In discussing this question with a prominent Christian business man, whom I would never accuse of anti-Semitism, I got the reaction of what may be a minority of employers. This merchant, whose name he asked me to keep from print, said the following:

" 'I am greatly embarrassed when some of the rabbis declare that every one who excludes Jews from his business is a vicious anti-Semite. I know that I feel no ill-will against the Jewish people, either as a whole or against individuals. I am, however, primarily a business man, and must look out for the interest of my firm. There are one or two Jewish girls on our staff, and about five or six Jewish men in the sales department. But we have made it a rule not to employ Jews on a broad scale.

" 'The first reason for this is that many of the girls observe the Jewish holidays, which are numerous. Since we don't care to deduct from their salaries for those days, even if we didn't mind the breaking up of the routine, we feel that we must avoid employing such girls. In the second place, we have found it inadvisable

to employ Jewish girls in an executive position where they are obliged to deal with customers. We have found their very interest in developing our business a handicap. They become too aggressive, with the result that our customers are disconcerted. In the third place, we have found that Jewish girls are not as amenable as non-Jewish girls. The former learn the business very readily and are eager to devote themselves to increase business. They ask for increases of salary as soon as they have learned the routine. They are very particular about working hours, and in general, adopt the attitude that they are worth every cent of the salary they are getting. That is an unfortunate attitude for any employee to take.'

"To get the other side of the picture, I quote from a young lady who is now ensconced in a very fine position with a bond house. She is Jewish but her name is on the border line and, officially, she is 'Christian Science.' She says:

" 'It took me two months to get my present position. For a time I was quite innocent about the whole matter. It never occurred to me that there was any relation between giving my religion as "Jewish" and my never hearing from employment agencies where I left the best of references. I finally got the truth from a friend of mine who had secured a position by denying her religion. Once, when I was feeling terribly blue and I complained about not getting a job, she confessed. Within the next week I found a

position—as a "member" of the Christian Science Church. My own feeling is that Christian employers make it a general rule not to hire Jewish girls because of their physiognomy. About three Jewish girls of every ten cannot be recognized as Jewish. But employers don't want to take a chance, so they make an iron-bound rule.'

"Whatever the truth of the charges or the truth of the defense to these charges the statistics do show that thousands of girls are out of employment because they are Jewish. An effort is being made to get the B'nai B'rith Association to deal with the problem through their Anti-Defamation League. Unquestionably, however; the whole situation is bound up with the larger problem of anti-Semitism. But why there should be this form of discrimination in New York City, with its 2,000,000 Jewish inhabitants, is extremely strange. But it does exist."

What happens to Jewish girls who do not get work? Michael Gold tells. Those chapters in his book are not "modern." They tell what happened a few years ago. Excellent Jewish charities have come into existence since then. They do a great deal. Many good people hope they can do everything, and look away. . . .

§3

According to many writers, the Jew is an in-

soluble lump in the melting pot of America. That intelligent French observer, André Siegfried, almost thinks so—almost, but not quite. In *America's Coming of Age* he states that even after three generations of life in America, one finds Jews still with their national traits unaffected. "As there are three millions of them in this country, a million and a half in New York alone, the problem is important; more especially as they include Jews of every class of society, from the aristocratic banker of London or Frankfort to verminous refugees from the ghettos of the Ukraine and Poland."

According to Professor Siegfried, the Gentile fears—and with reason—the competition of the Jew in business, and despises him as a matter of course, even though the Jew is much more successful in a business way. Commercial astuteness plays its part, he says, but so does the Jew's insatiable ambition and his business activity, "which at times amounts to frenzy."

"The Americans, especially in New York—that New Jerusalem—have a grudge against him because he forces them to keep up with his furious pace. And if the pace set by the Jew is killing in business, in intellectual circles it is far worse, for there the American is decidedly not at his best. . . . In the universities he prefers to go in for sport and flirtation, and in the

libraries all he wants is light reading. Now the Jew, on the contrary, in the same universities and the same libraries, is deep in some serious book on science, sociology or philosophy. It isn't a fair fight, they protest."

But—before arriving at this plausible conclusion—Professor Siegfried has noted another habit of the Jews. Of some Jews, not all Jews.

Professor Siegfried observes that some Jews are very adaptable. They are "soon more American than the Americans themselves." They "move among the Christians without being remarked." They become Americanized "until no trace of the alien remains." They "join societies for the promotion of ethical culture" where they "mix with broad-minded Protestants anxious about their duty to society. The number of Jews who disappear in this way into the ocean of America must be considerable."

It is. Few things hold more promise for the future of our land.

§4

It is considerably easier to write an outline of all history than to write even the sketchiest history of the Jews. Their story is interwoven with that of all other races. It is like trying to pick one long thread out of the Bayeux Tapes-

try; a thread that winds its complicated way through every part of the design.

Everywhere the old controversy rages. Tell one man that the high-hearted poet, Heinrich Heine, was a Jew and the listener will be pleased. Tell another, and he will quote what Heine himself said of the Jews:

> "Do not speak to me of the old Jewish religion. One gets nothing but shame and contumely from it. I tell you, it is not a religion but a misfortune.
>
> "The Jews came out of Egypt, the land of priestcraft, and brought with them beside their skin diseases and stolen gold and silver vessels, a so-called positive religion, a so-called church, a scaffolding of dogmas which must be believed, and ceremonies which must be practised—a prototype of all later state religions.
>
> "O, this Egypt! Its fabrics defy time, its pyramids are indestructible, and just as indestructible is that Mummy People which wanders over the earth; a petrified fragment of the world's history, a Spectre that traffics in bills of exchange, and old clothes."

Speak to still another man about the preeminence of Jews in music. He may very likely cite Richard Wagner to prove that Jews have *not* written the greatest music. It is not generally known that Wagner had Jewish blood.

There is some risk in telling an Italian that Christopher Columbus was a Jew. It surprises many people to learn that the Australian Expeditionary Force—the Anzacs—were commanded by a Jew. It is hard to convince the average American that a Jew invented the telephone before Dr. Alexander Graham Bell did. It astonishes many lovers of poetry to know that the family name of Sir Francis Palgrave, compiler of *The Golden Treasury,* was Cohen. Lord Reading went to India twice—first as a cabin boy, and the second time as viceroy. His name is Isaacs.

One can prolong the list of these surprises, if surprises they are, for more pages than there are in this book. Torquemada, most ruthless of Jew-burners, was himself a Jew. Dreyfus was not the only Jew in the French Army in 1896; there were six Jewish generals, and more than three hundred other officers. Dr. Heinrich Herz, whose researches were chiefly responsible for radio, was a Jew. So was Sarah Bernhardt (Rosine Bernard). So is Albert Einstein, who has turned the world of physics upside down.

It has been truthfully said that the Jews produce more geniuses, in proportion to their total numbers, than any other race in the world.

§5

Why then speak of tragedy at all? Why not say that the journey of Israel through the world has been a glorious and magnificent one?

One pauses, before reply. The cynicism of Heine—"not a religion, but a misfortune"—the aching bitterness of all the other Jews who have bewailed their lot, from Ezekiel down to the little girl who can not get a job with a telephone company—the cool, Latin appraisal of André Siegfried—the latest "Jew story" that somebody brings home from the Stock Exchange—the blind and furious prejudice of some petty trader who sees a Jewish competitor outdistancing him—all these come to mind, and much more. Why has not the journey been glorious? Other races have suffered. The Puritans starved and froze before they conquered New England. The Huguenots paid for their faith with their blood. The Three Hundred Spartans died on the Persian spears at Thermopylæ. Who pities them?

What of Michael Gold, and his stories of distress in the tenements? There are other races in the slums. Germans, Irish, Italians—they suffer as much from poverty and cold as do Jews. There are families among them that will

never get up in the world, families riddled with diseases of body and mind. But *they* are not, when all is said, "in the grip of a private woe."

That is Ludwig Lewisohn's phrase.

A few years ago he was dramatic critic and editorial writer for *The Nation*, New York liberal weekly. His spiritual autobiography is in a famous book called *Mid-Channel*. It is as provocative, as tortured, and as honest as Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, which it resembles in many ways. But at the great fork in their lives, the two men chose opposite roads.

"I am a citizen of Rome," said Paul.

"I possess the culture of the West," wrote Lewisohn, "but I possess it not as a pale imitation of any other type but as myself—a Jew."

He is bitterly opposed to Paul. He says that "the nations took the morbid, metaphysical pseudo-Judaism preached by Paul" and "turned it into a New Paganism." He says that the Cross has conquered the world, but has not conquered evil. He remembers the old religious wars, and how the Papacy stamped out the Albigenses. He recalls that Calvin burned Servetus (which was a lesson in manners rather than a lesson in theology, like so many other martyrdoms). He says that the horrors of persecution down through the ages to the Czarist Russia of

yesterday, and the man-whippers of Georgia and Texas to-day, are one of the blackest pages in the history of mankind.

It is a sweeping indictment. It concludes with the statement that the Christian peoples have produced beauty in words, in marble, and in music, but have achieved at last the wholesale slaughter of the World War, and the "stupid lies" of the pacts and covenants that followed it.

Such is the record of Christianity as it appears to a sensitive Jew, who feels that Paul taught "a sickly and groundless asceticism" acceptable only to men who expect an immediate Day of Doom.

One wonders if Mr. Lewisohn found happiness in America. He had a magnificent chance. The proprietor of *The Nation* never changed or suppressed anything he wrote for its columns. It was the sort of pulpit Paul seldom found. Mr. Lewisohn was not stoned in Vesey Street, outside his office, for preaching his faith. Vesey Street was Easy Street. He could spread his ideas freely, and castigate all those who disagreed with him.

"But," he writes, "the great game of Puritan-baiting and Babbitt-jeering did not suffice me. It came, in fact, very near to revolting me. The problem went a good deal deeper, and always issued in the recognition of my isolated position

. . . some profound difference that divided me grossly from the people of the land, and subtly even from familiar friends and colleagues."

Like Paul, he traveled and lectured. Like Paul, his audiences were Jewish organizations—Temple Clubs, Sisterhoods, chapters of the Council of Jewish Women. He returned to New York. He discovered that his fellow Jews had no solidarity; they were not firmly sticking, as he was, to the career of being Jews. They had "embraced local patriotisms, parties, philosophies, wholly to the exclusion of themselves as a people." He grew heart-sick as the realization came home to him that, both outside New York and in it, the most intelligent Jews were turning into Americans. By so doing, he found that they "gained safety and ease and quietude of mind." He objected. He glanced at the Christian creeds. He concluded that Protestants are in deadly fear of the senses, and Catholics of heresy. This view would astonish any modern member of either church, but Mr. Lewisohn is convinced it is true. He went abroad, to exile as he calls it, to write books in liberal Paris. The books will be his epistles to America and the world. He has dedicated himself, if I have read *Mid-Channel* correctly, to the perpetuation of the Hebraic tradition.

It all seems rather unnecessarily tragic. His "private woe," of course, is derived from his Hebraism—his inability to bear the Anglo-Saxon laws of New York State. He feels that Jews should have their own courts, Rabbinical Courts. It is his opinion, and he is fully entitled to it. The point is whether he is right, or whether the Jews who say "We are citizens of America" are right.

Possibly he gives the answer himself:

"Like many of my contemporaries in America, writers or not, I was in the grip of a private woe which the pressure of Puritan law and custom and public opinion made it almost impossible to escape. That woe tortured me to the quick. It darkened every hour. It took the savour from food, the repose from sleep, the blessedness from memories of the past; it made sordid all that my hand touched, and poured its poison into work and friendship."

And a little later in the book:

"I had been hoping for Jewish Jews, united for Jewish purposes deeper than charity, more serious than anti-defamation campaigns. No doubt my profound alienation from common American ways of feeling and hoping contributed to this hope. Let it, by the way, not be replied that Gentiles are daily caught in the

same conflict. Of course they are. I have seen it among my friends. But even while they curse or grieve, an instinct within them understands the burdensome ways of their folk. *They accepted their Apostle Paul; we rejected him.*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Tragedy with a Happy End

§1

"In the first century before and after Christ," writes Laurie Magnus, the most recent historian of the Jews, "the Jewish nation rushed blindly on self-destruction. Judæa conciliated no foes. The Jews alienated Rome, who might have spared them. And within their own divided ranks, they confounded politics with religion and did not always know their friends from their foes."

Like most other modern historians, Mr. Magnus takes the view that the Jews were not naturally a commercial people. Their rôle of money-lenders was forced upon them during the Crusades. How well they learned it, as the centuries passed, is well known to every one who has read about the Rothschild family, or about those other bold and honorable Jews who revolutionized the world's conception of finance.

Efforts to divert Jews from this occupation—or from some form of either trading or esthetics—have very largely failed. Thousands of

Jews have been exceptions to this statement, but as exceptions they almost seem to prove the rule. It is always somewhat surprising to hear of a Jew making an international reputation as, for instance, a lawyer, an explorer, a diplomatist, or a teacher. We are glad to know that the Supreme Court has the benefit of the presence of Justice Brandeis; but we did not say, "A most natural appointment!" when he took his seat there.

Either the American who first settled the country, or the Jew himself, has apparently determined the rôle that the Jew is to play in America.

We have seen a little, a very little, of the tragedy of the poorest Jews. We know that the recent immigration laws of this United States were aimed chiefly against Jews. We know that even the cleverest, most achieving Jews in America, are not well received. We know that in certain parts of the country, anti-Jewish prejudice flames more strongly than it ever has before.

What can be done about it? How can the old tragedy be made to have a happy end?

Perhaps it is no part of the business of a writer about Paul of Tarsus to attempt to answer this question. But there is a parallel. He did conquer Rome. He was happier, toward the end of his life, than he ever was at the beginning

of it. Of that anybody can be sure who takes the trouble to read that great pæan of joy he wrote when he was sixty-four years old, or more, the Epistle to the Philippians.

That is the letter in which he says: "I do rejoice, yes, and will rejoice." It is the letter in which he reviews his career, as though by a flash of lightning.

"Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."

It is also the letter in which he makes a characteristic and much-quoted remark—but a remark that is belied by his entire life: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

He was *never* content, until at the last, with the end of life drawing near, whether it came by Nero's executioner or in any other manner, he felt that he had won and that the world would be better, somehow, because he had lived.

§2

Neither this writer, nor any writer of non-Jewish ancestry, is ever going fully to understand what the feeling of prejudice, loneliness and isolation means to a proud and intelligent Jew.

The best-looking man I happen ever to have seen was a former Austrian cavalryman, who came to the United States in 1912 and entered business in New York.

"I simply *can not* believe it," he said one evening. "I am a Jew, and there is some prejudice against Jews everywhere. But in Austria I was received at court; everybody accepted me. I brought letters of introduction to the leading families in New York. They looked on me as if I were some strange freak; they all but told their butlers to show me to the door. My friendship with my emperor and his family means nothing here. I am a Jew. Rather than break my heart because I am all alone in New York, I shall go home and associate with people who care to receive me."

It is not a very lofty ambition, perhaps, to wish to be received in New York drawing-rooms. But here was a man who had shone in the most civilized court in Europe; it was strange

to think that doors were closed to him in New York. One realizes, after thinking it over during the leisure of seventeen years, that it was largely his own fault. Letters from an emperor (from his courtiers, at least) are seldom as effective as they might seem to be. It is difficult in society, or in any other occupation, to start at the top.

Here and there, one finds a wealthy, slightly dazed Jewish father who can not understand why his son is not making a huge success in college.

"I sent him to a fine prep school," he may say. "I give him everything he wants. I plan for him a high diplomatic career. But is he happy? Is he making friends with the right kind of boys? No—he is so unhappy that he wants to drop out, and start in my business with me."

The attitude of the colleges toward Jews is very interesting. At a very large one, not many years ago, the number of Jewish students in a certain freshman class was in excess of twenty-five per cent. For a long time there had been grumbling among the graduates who were not of Jewish blood, and uneasiness among those professors and administrative officers who came in contact with the students.

"Are you uneasy," one of these officers was asked, "because the undergraduates are divided into two camps?"

"They are not," he said. "If the Jewish students were a homogeneous body, proud of one another, and anxious to form their own clubs and their own dormitory athletic teams, there would be no problem at all. But they seem to disagree with one another. There are more castes among them than among the other boys. They want individual recognition. They want it so badly that they go out for all the managerial offices, all the papers, all the teams, all the scholastic prizes and scholarships—and if they fail in any competition, even before it ends, they come around and complain that they are being discriminated against. At least, that is true of the ambitious ones, who want to be varsity team managers while they are still freshmen, and managing editors of the papers before they have finished the work that would qualify them for election. At the first slight set-back, they come and tell me that the cards are stacked against them. And they quit."

"But the cards *are* stacked against them, aren't they?"

"In great measure, yes. Prejudice is warm. But they make alibis out of that prejudice, I think—it excuses any failure. When I drop into their rooms for a pipe, informally, I hear them telling each other why life here is hopeless

for them. Half a dozen ordinary boys, in such a fix, would get together and found a club of their own. Oh, we have a few Jewish clubs here. But a great many of their members have told me that they would resign instantly, if there came a chance to join one of the old clubs of the college. Now, about the lower-caste Jew, if I may use that word—the boy who doesn't come from a wealthy family, and has no dream of social recognition. He is really a recluse. He may grind away at his books. Often he doesn't do that. He just sits in what seems to be a moody daze, all through his four years, never giving one drop of perspiration for the good of the college. Compulsory exercise? Oh, he waves a tennis racket as gently as he can for the necessary number of hours. Your kid sister could beat him, because he hates the game, and *all* games. His fingers are as soft as fishing worms."

In one way or another, this college has cut its percentage of Jewish students exactly in two. Those who are admitted must have given, in preparatory school, or high school, good evidence that they are willing to mix with one another, and with other boys, and that they are not the kind who surrender all hope at the first rebuff.

§3

There have been many rebuffs. No people ever in history have taken so many rebuffs; no people has ever been so despised and so persecuted. Always there have been a few brilliant, indomitable Jews who have forgotten about their handicaps, and have made everything possible out of their talents. Christopher Columbus, whether he actually was of Jewish descent or not, could never have discovered America without the backing of a Jew—Louis de Santangel. In every class at every great college there are some Jews who brilliantly succeed. In every age of the world, there have been Jewish financiers as courageous as the Rothschilds, philosophers and mathematicians as original as Einstein, musicians as great as Mendelssohn, doctors as useful as Ehrlich and Loeb. Such men rise above the handicaps and the rebuffs; these names are given purely at random, and any one can name thousands more.

And any one knows—it is almost unnecessary to write this paragraph—how many young Jewish boys there are in the colleges whose fingers are not like fishing worms. There was Friedman of Michigan, the most intellectual and strongest physically of modern football quarterbacks.

There was Zarakoff, who played football, hockey and baseball for Harvard, and whose home run in the tenth inning of his last game against Yale will not be forgotten while baseball lasts. There are other names, hundreds of them, all over America; and not the names of shining stars alone, but of those patient workers on the scrub teams who alone make the great stars possible. And that is an American thing.

Then there are the brilliant Jewish boxers, who have disproved the common Gentile idea that Jews are "sandless." Most Jewish athletes are either boxers or basketball players, for the reason that these are the two games most possible in crowded slums. Few men who say that Jews are yellow would care to put on gloves with, shall we say, Leonard? Every Jewish boy who endures the long grind of training, the physical torture of that most debased and corrupt of sports, is nevertheless doing something to drive the old prejudice down. And in basketball, favorite sport of the middle western colleges, Jews have long since won all the honors there are.

What of the great, nameless mass of cruelly persecuted Jews? As this book goes through the press, Jewish leaders in New York meet to protest—not against the discrimination shown by American employers—but actual, physical,

blood-stained persecution of Jews in the Soviet Republics. I lift from this page a curious medieval document I had intended to reprint. It was issued in the time of Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor of Spain. Its title is "The Thirty-Four Proofs By Which You May Recognize a Jew."

Torquemada framed that list of proofs with savage cleverness.

All the proofs hinge on performance of the Jewish Law. If a Jew does those things which he has been instructed from his childhood to do, then he is easily identified. Circumcision is, by the way, only Proof No. 22. Torquemada's subtle mind probed deeply. He shows his informers how to watch for observances of the great Jewish Feasts and Fasts, and for peculiarities in diet. He sent many Jews to their death "as mercifully as possible, without the effusion of blood." Which meant that they were burned alive.

It would be a pity to fling this list of proofs out again into the world; not merely a pity but a crime. For the world has plenty of Jew-catchers and Jew-killers still.

§4

In America the persecution takes the form of

social isolation, especially in the great cities.

There are tortures of the mind as bad as those of the body. The unintelligent Jew will bear those tortures to the end. There is no help for him, because in the long run there is no help for unintelligence. The long-visioned Jew—the man or woman who has that great gift of the race which is called "faculty of vision"—has no torture whatever to fear. He can escape from persecution as soon as he really wants.

The faculty of vision, according to Laurie Magnus, "lent the leap to Spinoza's thought, the architectonic to Disraeli's statecraft, and perhaps the boldness to Rothschild's speculation."

That is not all it can do.

Hilaire Belloc may tell the Jew that he is a nation inside every other nation, a mass so refractory that it can not be melted down and absorbed. College authorities, like the man we quoted so extensively a few pages back, may call young Jews an insoluble problem. Stockbrokers may come up-town, afternoon after afternoon, with the latest "Jew story" from the floor of the exchange—a story that always exhibits the Jew as either a moron or a crook. Heinrich Heine may lavish on Israel the full power of his scorn. Employers may lock their doors.

None of that will have power to hurt the in-

dividual Jew who will borrow three words from Paul and live up to them. Not religious words. Not words that express any sort of aspiration. Not ethical words. Merely the statement of Paul's citizenship. *"Civis Romanus sum!"*

The Jew who says, "I am American," and means it, can have anything he pleases in American life. All he need do is to look around him. The faculty of vision will show him everything if he exerts it fully—looking out, and not in.

This, I venture to suggest, is what he will see.

The man who holds the whip-hand, socially, in America is the man whose forefathers started on farms and in the little towns along the Atlantic coast. By "socially" it is not meant that this man and his wife merely control country-club elections, and decide who shall be invited to the most exclusive dances. Their control goes much deeper. For this America, still possibly primitive, directs most American enterprise. There are some fields that do not interest him. In the others—and they are by far the most important—he is still supreme.

He controls our courts, our legislatures, our town governments. Sometimes he grows lazy, and then the control of a large city gets away from him for a time—but only for a time. He manages our greatest railroads and public utility

companies and banks. His ancestry is mixed. The term "Anglo-Saxon" is not a scientific description of him. He is Anglo-Saxon *cum* Celt, *cum* many other strains. He can be found at every crossroads in America. One of his cousins may be in the White House, and another in the poor-house. He is neither very much elated by one of these facts, nor depressed by the other. He goes more or less steadily on his way. At his worst, he is Babbitt; at his best, Abraham Lincoln.

One of his strongest traits is a half-humorous contempt for success. He has never fully believed that our aristocracy consists of "captains of industry," and he has never fully believed that it consists of "malefactors of great wealth." He believes that a rich powerful man should not plume himself with the trappings of wealth, but should be entirely willing to sit around the stove in a country store and be one of the boys again. He is not a theoretical democrat, like Mirabeau. He is a practical one, like Andrew Jackson.

He sees his fellow Americans in his own image. He has no patience with the European feudal idea (which is also a Jewish idea) that the son of a rich man can be insulated against ordinary troubles, and sent into some agreeable

vocation like diplomacy. He wants the rich man's son to work in overalls at the mill. He is certain that a "leisure class" can consist only of bloated idlers, with receding chins and foreheads. He feels that a rich man's son who plays polo is a drag on the community, and a rich man's son who becomes a railway express clerk is a fine young man of the old stock, certain to succeed.

And his influence is so great that all Americans are conscious of it—all Americans, possibly, except Jews.

The first instinct of any intelligent American who makes a success is to dodge the crowds and escape from fame. Lindbergh has remained a hero for years by being shy. His great achievement focused attention on him. But if he had been blatant for one second, he would have been laughed at and forgotten.

A few years ago, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., of Boston, went to Hungary, reorganized the finances of that country, and caught the notice of the world by refusing to accept fifty thousand dollars for his services. He said that Hungary needed the money more than he did. For a while he became the most popular American—perhaps the *only* popular American—in Europe. He came home incognito, and I happened to meet him.

"I didn't know you were in Boston," I said. "How did you manage to dodge the reporters?"

"They have been running after me," drawled Smith. "But I fooled them by keeping away from my office, and by registering at a hotel under my own name. Thank God, it is an inconspicuous one."

Because the name "Jeremiah" did not seem inconspicuous to me, I looked him up on the hotel register. He was down as "J. Smith"—perhaps the most perfect camouflage in the world.

Mr. Ivy Lee, certainly one of the most experienced appraisers of what makes friendships and popularity, has never tried to make Mr. John D. Rockefeller popular by telling about his enormous country estate at Pocantico Hills, or the tremendous business which he launched. Mr. Rockefeller always appears in the newspapers as a gallant old gaffer in baggy clothes, playing the same bumblepuppy golf which we all play.

Is it a pose? Does Mr. Henry Ford, for instance, try deliberately to make himself appear a common man? Those who know him best say it is natural. "I found him," wrote Bruce Barton, "sitting in a kitchen chair at one side of his factory assembly room. I sat down in another, and we talked." Mr. Barton has re-

corded his surprise at his discovery that Mr. Ford's idea of a pleasant Sunday evening was to go out to the old farmhouse where he once lived, cook supper, and enjoy music on the melodeon.

Such men as Rockefeller and Ford are extreme examples. The nearest hotel lobby or smoking car is full of better ones—Americans exhibiting, in one way or another, what altogether simple and unpretentious people they are at heart. Success in money-making seldom turns their heads. Like the suddenly rich men of Wichita Falls, Texas, they may not know how to display their wealth. When the great oil boom came to that town, just before the war, all sorts of families grew magnificently rich. The local jeweler told me that he despaired of convincing them that diamonds could be genuine, if they were more than one carat. "They will buy a pocketful of little stones," he said, "but I can't sell a big one." In their wealth, they remained simple; most of them were still working peacefully at their trades, although money was swirling into their bank-accounts at the rate of a thousand dollars and more a day.

Even in New York, where no doubt exists that big jewels can be genuine, the successful American is fairly sure to keep humorously aware of the futility of wealth.

"I live near the East River," said a bank president the other day. "No—it's rather hard to get to my office from there, but it has one great advantage. I can watch the Fall River boat passing my window every evening, and wish I were on it, going home for good."

To the Jewish mind, I believe such a story makes almost no sense at all. But unless I completely misinterpret my own mind, and that of most other Americans who have been rooted here for several generations, it is an almost perfect example of the American mind. The average American is not in business because he likes it. He does the best he can, perhaps—or very nearly the best he can. Caught in the cogwheels he has set in motion, he stays at work all through his best years. But he is singularly little impressed by the great machine he builds. Rudyard Kipling lived among him, years ago, and saw him clearly enough to write about:

> "The cynic demon in his blood
> That bids him mock his hurrying soul."

But the cynic demon may be nothing more than homesickness. He is in New York, running mighty enterprises. His wife is "in society." His boys are at a smart school; in the summer, they work at everything from railroad construction camps to social service—summer camps for

poor children. He has everything, and what does he say about it?

"There doesn't seem anything left for me," said an extremely prominent manufacturer, "but to work sixty hours a week, and then get soused on Sunday. In the old days, I worked forty-four hours, and had plenty of time on week-ends for hunting, and digging in my front yard. If my business would let me, I'd quit to-morrow and go back to the life I like."

Such clear statements of a man's attitude never get into his official biography, and never into the newspapers. But one can not work in any great American city and not hear them. Just as George Owen, Harvard's best recent athlete, said recently that he hated football while he was playing it, and believed that nearly every other player hated it, too, so do the leaders of American business confess privately that only loyalty to their partners and their workers keeps them working along. Left to themselves, they would almost unanimously depart to a modest house in a small town, and gratify their instinct for hunting and digging in the garden.

I lived in a handsome old house, once. It had been built in Colonial times, and much of the old paneling was still intact. It was in a yard full of trees and tall shrubs, and the yard

was screened from the road by a cedar hedge.

My first prospective tenant was a Jew.

"It's a fine roomy house—just what my wife likes," he said. "But we wouldn't take it unless you will chop down all those bushes so it can be seen from the street."

That village is now full of Jews. Every house, with no exception, is clearly to be seen from the street. Dwarf evergreens have replaced the old maples and elms. The houses glitter. Many of the old frame dwellings have been replaced by homes of the most refulgent stucco and brick. The earlier inhabitants apparently dislike these changes; they have moved out of town into a district that is "restricted."

Paul has left no hints on domestic architecture, but——

"Do you look on things after the outward appearance?" he asks, with fine scorn. What counts in a home is not its showiness, from the road, but the warmth inside it. The day of building enormous private houses in America is very nearly done; a simpler house satisfies the American desire for peace and ease. One has only to compare the palatial mansion which the late George Vanderbilt constructed, a generation ago, at Biltmore, North Carolina, with the simple frame house in which Dwight W. Morrow

spends his summers, at North Haven, Maine. You can go to Palm Beach and see mansions so huge and ornate that they are truly comic; but less and less will you hear people admiring them. "That is the bunk," said a plain citizen with an Indiana license on his car, in front of the gaudiest of them all, last year. If the owner of that architectural monstrosity had overheard him, no doubt he would have cordially agreed.

The Jew who would cross the gap that stretches between himself and his American neighbors must learn to think as they do. They will never let themselves feel impressed by his skill as a money-maker. They will be more comfortable with him if his clothes are a little baggy. If he builds a large pompous house, with a lawn naked of trees and shrubbery, they will turn their eyes away when they pass. If he tries to impress them with the sumptuousness of his entertainments, they will laugh at him in his own vestibule.

If he goes to college, he must—because it is part of the tradition—take the bumps of the football field, and the agony of rowing or track. If he succeeds as an athlete, he must never display his gold football, and he must expressly disclaim all merit. If he succeeds as a student, he must attribute it to luck.

If he is religious, he must not think the ordinary American is consumed by religious problems. The American (except a few absurd medievalists) is not worrying about the flesh because he chances to be a Protestant, or about heresy because he is a Catholic. The American is indifferent to his neighbor's religion; least of all does he invite the Jew to become a Christian church-member.

If the Jew is elected to a good club he must take things slowly at first. It is a tradition that a new member must earn his spurs. He must not be flamboyant. He must not usurp the best armchair in the window. He must not bring guests on the first day after he is elected. He must not demand priority on the first tee.

If he wants to be a welcome member of American social circles, rich or poor, he must contrive to slow down, just a little, the terrific pace of his mind.

If he cares to have the friendship and respect of ordinary American people, the Jew must stop considering it either a virtue or a handicap to be a Jew, and fix his mind on the problem of being an American. He must be an American—not an Americaneer.

These suggestions are made with a full sense of their difficulty. Many will think them fan-

tastic. Others will wonder if the spirit that made Paul so happy and victorious can be brought into life in modern times.

We should ask the inventor of modern times that question. Spinoza was his name.

He was the greatest modern Jew. He had surely the finest intellect ever given to man. He was expelled from his synagogue in Amsterdam. He supported himself by grinding spectacle lenses. No orthodox Jew ever spoke to him or wrote to him. But men of other races pressed annuities upon him. He had an extremely happy life. He was no church-member, but his ideas swept over church-ridden Europe like flame. Goethe, Thomas Jefferson and Herbert Spencer are three men who derived their philosophy of thought and action from him. American democracy is but one of the great things Spinoza gave the world.

Asked once to give his deepest spiritual conception he replied:

"I hold that God is the imminent and not the extraneous cause of all things. I say, All is in God; all moves and lives in God. *And this I maintain with the Apostle Paul.*"

The End

BOOKS

BOOKS

Peter truthfully remarks, in his Second Epistle, that "the epistles of our beloved Brother Paul contain some things hard to be understood." Among the books of those modern writers who have made a sincere effort to understand—"each according to the wisdom given him"—I suggest the following. Included also are a few other books to which I owe much instruction and edification.

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Renan, J. E.: *St. Paul.* New York, 1869.

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